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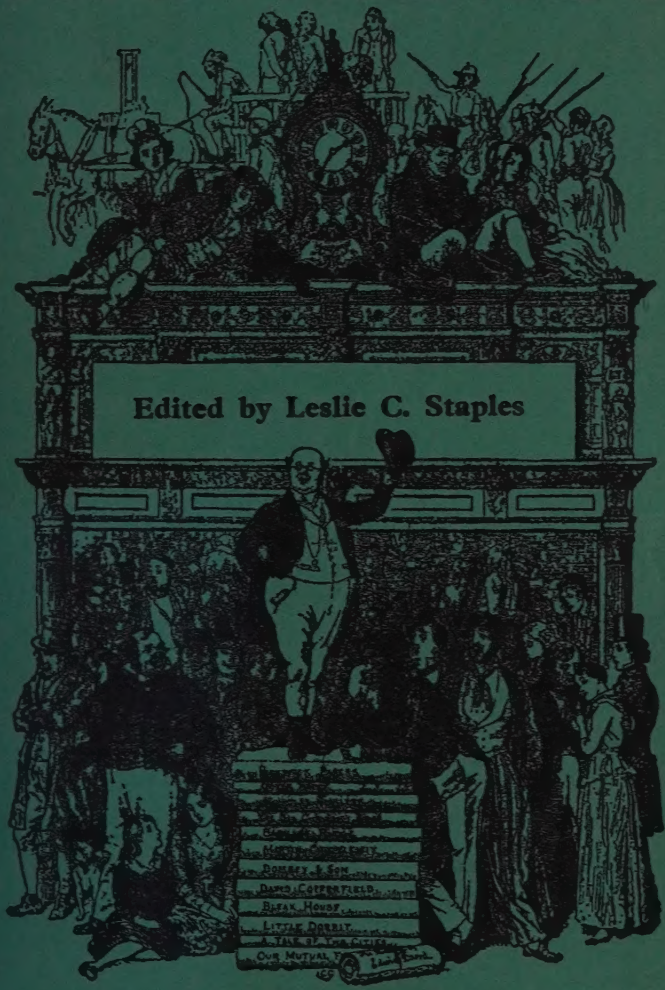
THE DICKENSIAN



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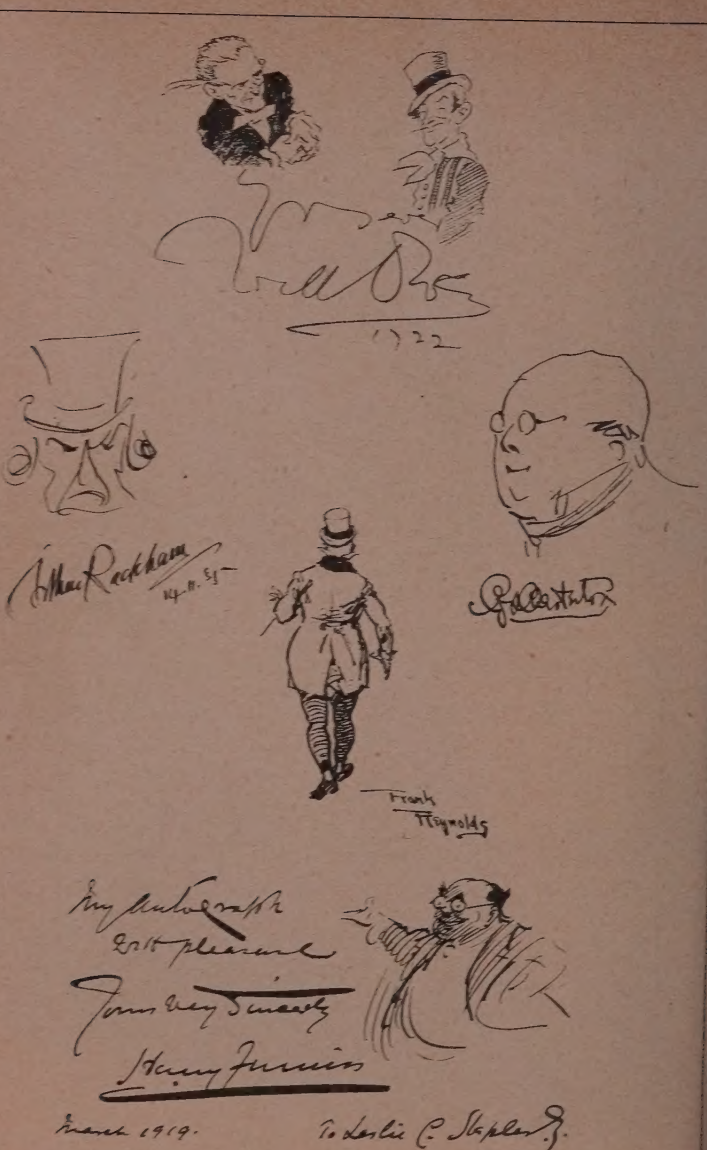

FROM THE EDITOR'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK

Heep and Weller by Will Owen
Scrooge by Arthur Rackham Pickwick by G. K. Chesterton
Micawber by Frank Reynolds
Pickwick by Harry Furniss

THE DICKENSIAN

AUTUMN NUMBER

VOL. LII. SEPTEMBER 1956 No. 320

OUR FUTURE

IN spite of all difficulties, and they are neither few nor insignificant, every effort is to be made not only to continue publication of *The Dickensian*, but to reduce the annual deficit which is borne by Headquarters of the Dickens Fellowship.

To minimise production costs, postage, and incidental expenses of all kinds, every one of which has been rising and continues to rise, it has been decided, that beginning next year the magazine will appear three times, in January, May, and September, instead of four times annually, although each issue will contain 64 pages instead of the present 48, so that the same total of pages will appear each year.

While the subscription will remain unaltered to members of the Dickens Fellowship, to others it will now be 12*s.* 6*d.*, inclusive of postage.

It is not, however, possible that all these measures will render our fifty-two-year-old publication solvent. In a further effort to that end, there was launched at Conference in June, a scheme to be known as:

THE FRIENDS OF *THE DICKENSIAN*

members of which are asked to send an annual donation, the amount of which is left to themselves, in addition to their subscription. No amount is too small, but the need is very great.

A lamentable number of old and valued publications have disappeared since the war. Will you help us to see that *The Dickensian* remains alive? Its survival depends upon the help of those who value it, and on nothing else. Will you send your first subscription now. The first list of Friends appears on p. 156.

WHEN FOUND—

June 9th On the occasion of the 86th anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens, a wreath was laid on the grave in Westminster Abbey, on behalf of the Dickens Fellowship, by Miss Forsyth of the Melbourne Branch. The little company, which included other Australian members, and Mr. R. Anderson, of the Toronto Branch, were met by the Dean of Westminster, who conducted the simple ceremony.

* * * * *

R. J. Cruikshank The Dickens Fellowship deeply mourns the loss of R. J. Cruikshank, who died in May after a long illness. Among the more recent of its Vice Presidents, few have rendered the Fellowship more notable service. When, as Dickens's successor in a Fleet Street editorial chair, he was besought to help us in our Jubilee efforts to complete the Walter Dexter Memorial Fund, for the endowment of the Dickens House, he enthusiastically devoted himself to the task, together with the great journal he then commanded, with what ultimate and brilliant success is Fellowship history. Robin Cruikshank bore his power and his erudition lightly, for he had a disarming and charming simplicity of manner, reinforced with an irresistible sense of humour, as is made clear in his books. Among the latter is the selection from Dickens's humorous passages that he assembled to aid our Fund. A great journalist of the greatest integrity, he will be sadly missed in far wider than Fellowship circles for many years to come.

* * * * *

The Village Coquettes Three performances of this Burletta, with music by John Hullah, and a libretto by the youthful Dickens, were given by the Ashburton Music Society of the London C.H.A. Club, in May. This most interesting production made considerable use of the score reconstructed by Mr. E. J. Chadfield, whose lamented death took place while the work was in rehearsal. The little company performed their difficult task admirably under the direction of Claude Sassé. Indisposition prevented Mr. Sassé from conducting, and he was replaced at short notice by Richard Rice.

* * * * *

A new contemporary Welcome to *The Dumasian*, the first number of the journal of the Dumas Association, which contains an interesting note on Dickens and Dumas. Lovers of the French romantic novelist should get into communication with Mr. Alfred Evans, 59 Bolling Hall Road, Bradford.

* * * * *

The Chancellor A certain well worn quotation from Micawber is so often expected from financiers, and seldom in vain, that it was a pleasant change to read of Mr. Macmillan quoting Mrs. Pardiggle in dealing with National Savings, in his Budget Speech.

LESLIE C. STAPLES

DICKENS ON THE DEATH PENALTY

By C. G. L. Du Cann

ONE of the " existing social evils," which the Dickens Fellowship is pledged by its rules to attempt to ameliorate; which not only still exists but at the moment of my writing is extremely topical; and which did " appeal " most strongly not only to the heart but also to the head of Charles Dickens—was the barbarous punishment of " lawful hanging ". On this subject, Dickens was a convinced abolitionist exactly a hundred years ago, far in advance of his age, for there were few abolitionists then.

In a letter to Malvey Napier, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Dickens set out his ideas. The death-penalty was no deterrent. It aroused a diseased sympathy for the criminal, and brutalised those who witnessed it. It would be better to substitute " a mean and shameful punishment degrading the deed and its committer and allowing people to remember the murderer's victim."

Later, he condemned capital punishment publicly in the plainest possible terms " without evasion, equivocation or mental reservation of any kind ". His conclusion was:

> " I beg to be understood as advocating the total abolition of the Punishment of Death as a general principle "—*Daily News*, 16th March, 1846.

And why ? Summing up his principal reasons, he declared them to be " for the advantage of society, for the prevention of crime, and without the least reference to, or tenderness for, any individual malefactor whatsoever." That summary is as trenchant as it is terse, and remarkable for cutting the entire ground from beneath his opponents' feet, including those of Lord Macaulay, who took the opposite view—a view often still expressed today—that opponents of hanging are " sentimentalists ".

Answering that " book in breeches," Macaulay, Dickens said, in words unfortunately omitted from Edgar Johnson's biography, but which are worth quoting:

> " I am the more desirous of being so understood after reading a speech by Mr. Macaulay in the House of Commons in which that accomplished gentleman hardly seemed to recognise the possibility of anyone entertaining an honest conviction of the inutility and bad effects of Capital Punishment . . . without being the victim of a ' kind of effeminate feeling '. Without staying to enquire what there may be that is specially manly and heroic in the advocacy of the Gallows, or to express my admiration of Mr. Calcraft, the hangman, as doubtless one of the most manly specimens now in existence, I would simply hint a doubt whether this be the true Macaulay way of meeting a great question."

Indeed, Dickens argued the question so thoroughly in his three *Daily News* contributions on this subject, that modern abolitionists can find little or nothing to add. He even used the most modern argument of all: namely, that where the death penalty is diminished there murders also diminished, though he had not

the advantage, as we have to-day, of the experience of abolitionist countries such as Scandinavia, to reinforce this. While Dickens was condemning hanging in London, it is worth noting that Victor Hugo, the great French writer, was condemning all executions in Paris.

Until almost the end of Dickens's life, hangings took place in public. Though the whole Bench of judges (basing themselves, as modern judges still do, on the doctrine of " deterrence ") protested that what the public did not see could not deter, Dickens, who had attended the execution of Courvoisier as an observer, as also did Thackeray, had no such illusions. The sight was a barbarous and brutalising one, and " out of 167 persons sentenced to death only 3 had not been present at a hanging " he declared. Publicity brought glamour and distinction to the criminal as well as popular sympathy; and Dickens even knew and recognised the evils done by the Sabbath Press in glamorisation of the murderer sentenced to death.

Three years after his campaign in the *Daily News*, Dickens returned to his battle against hanging in two sensational letters to *The Times*.

In November, 1849, he had watched the hanging of the two Mannings, and upon that degrading spectacle he wrote his famous letter. The wickedness and levity of the populace (supposed to be " deterred " by the judiciary) was " unimaginable ", and this Christian spectacle could be paralleled in no heathen country. " Thieves, low prostitutes, ruffians and vagabonds, boys and girls," made up the vast crowd. There was " fighting, whistling, brutal joking, cries and howls," and no touch of pity, awe or emotion " when the two miserable creatures . . . were turned quivering into the air."

Dickens went on to suggest that, after conviction, a murderer should not have his sayings and doings served up in the Sunday papers—a decent reform not even yet brought about—and should be at least executed privately. His letters created a great sensation and led to what he described as a " roaring sea " of comment and correspondence.

It is often suggested that these *Times* letters led to the abolition of public executions. No doubt they had great effect. But it was 19 years after, that the reform came about, namely in 1868—only two years before Dickens's death.

Certainly, Dickens knew at first-hand what he was talking about, as I do. Most people who argue about hanging with great emphasis and conviction have never met a single murderer in their lives, let alone a number, and merely repeat like parrots the conventional arguments on one side or the other. Convicted murderers in my experience are not generally afraid of their fate at all: I recall one bitterly complaining that " my fool of a counsel did me out of being hanged and got me sent to Broadmoor " (I was the fool). Dickens would have appreciated that episode; and so would my old friend, Sir H. F. Dickens, his son, before whom I often appeared at the Old Bailey when he was Common Sergeant.

It is likely enough, though not recorded, that he—Dickens—had seen a number of other hangings besides those of Courvoisier and the Mannings. Certainly his description of Fagin's execution

is realistic enough to make it pretty certain that his mind's eye was re-creating what his physical eye had seen. Though Douglas Jerrold imagined that by attacking executions in public Dickens was compromising his position as a total abolitionist—and became temporarily estranged from him in consequence—Dickens was doing nothing of the kind, and never did. He was merely proceeding on the principle of a practical reformer, that half-a-loaf is better than no bread.

Forster was present with Dickens at the execution of the Mannings. Oblivious of the dates, he calls it " an incident which had important practical results " and implies that it caused " the salutary change which has worked so well " namely the substitution of privacy for publicity. Ambiguously too, Forster says that with Dickens's *Times* letter " there began an active agitation against public executions which never ceased until the reform was accomplished ". It is not clear whether Forster means that Dickens never ceased this agitation or whether merely that the general agitation continued. Forster, though in sympathy as his phraseology shows, and though a participant in the matter, deals with Dickens's opposition to public hanging briefly and cursorily and does not deal with his views on total abolition at all. Indeed, so slipshod is his handling of this theme, that he speaks of one letter only to *The Times* and of no letters to the *Daily News* at all.

Later biographers such as Pope-Hennessy and Edgar Johnson, have atoned somewhat for Forster's negligence. The latter, indeed, rightly pays tribute to the penetrating observations by Dickens on the psychology of murderers.

It is crystal-clear where Charles Dickens stood on this grave question. But just as those who profess and call themselves Christians, differ as to the ethics of the death-penalty (in spite of the Sixth Commandment not exempting States from its mandate) so those who profess and call themselves Dickensians, probably do not all follow their master's teachings in this regard. The death-penalty remains a controversial question until it is settled by abolition—when probably posterity will talk, like Forster, of another " salutary reform which has worked so well ".

It well may be, while the question remains controversial, the Dickens Fellowship as a Fellowship may not wish to take sides. But many of its members may be stimulated by this article into looking in more detail at Dickens's own arguments for reform and, convinced by what he said, may wish to follow in his steps by doing something to bring about one reform he advocated so ardently and persistently.

RECENT DICKENSIANA

" Dickens and the Americans: an Unnoticed Letter," James D. Rust *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, June.

" Murdering the Innocents," P. A. W. Collins. *The Journal of Education* June.

" Charles Dickens and the Glasgow System," John Manning. *School and Society*, June.

" Charles Dickens, " *The Dumesian*, Spring.

" Charles Reade and Dickens—a fight against privacy," K. J. Fielding *Theatre Notebook*, July-September.

CHARLES DICKENS AND DEAN STANLEY[1]

By Arthur A. Adrian,
Western Reserve University, Ohio

AN item of interest to students of Victorian literary history was acquired in June of 1936 by Westminster Abbey Library. Entitled *Recollections of Events Connected with Westminster Abbey*, it is a handwritten manuscript devoted to some interesting reminiscences by Dean Stanley, special emphasis being given to his associations with a few eminent men of letters. Except for occasional interlinear corrections and marginal notations, this document is not in Dean Stanley's hand, having apparently been dictated. Despite the significance of the material set down in its pages, it has received no publicity hitherto. To be sure, a few of its incidents have been treated briefly in Dean Stanley's *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey* (1882), but not in such illuminating detail as in this unpublished manuscript. It is not my purpose, however, to present here even the barest outline of these handwritten recollections, but to confine this short article to a consideration of those pages (6-21) which should be of interest to Dickensians: Dean Stanley's account of his brief acquaintance with Dickens and the events leading to the novelist's interment in Poets' Corner.

These pages open with a summary of those occasions on which the two men were brought together. They met for the first time at a small dinner party early in 1870, after Dickens had taken temporary residence in London for the farewell readings. The high point of this evening was the story, as dramatically told by Dickens, of Abraham Lincoln's strange dream preceding the assassination. Stanley met Dickens again at the Royal Academy dinner on May 2nd and considered his tribute to Maclise one of the best speeches made there: "It was at once deeply touching and singularly descriptive of the character of the man." The third meeting took place when the novelist dined for the first and last time at the Deanery. Asked to repeat his story of Lincoln's dream—one of the guests had not heard it before—"he did not vary in a single detail" from his earlier version.

Within a few weeks of that date, on June 9th, 1870, Dickens died at Gad's Hill. Since Dean Stanley's narrative of the period immediately following this event introduces some significant new details, the account will be continued in his own words.

> I had given an intimation through a friend that if an application should be made to me for the interment, I should willingly receive it. None such, however, came to hand.[2] The death was on Friday. Saturday and Sunday passed, and apparently the funeral was to take place in Rochester. [In the

[1] Adapted from *The Active Spirit*, a forthcoming biography of Georgina Hogarth. Quotations from Stanley's unpublished *Recollections* are by kind permission of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. I am grateful to Mr. Lawrence E. Tanner, Keeper of the Muniments, and to Mr. Franklin for assisting me with my research at the Abbey Library.

[2] As soon as Dean Stanley had received word of Dickens's death, he wrote F. Locker-Lampson that he (Stanley) was "prepared to receive any communication from the family respecting the burial." Locker-Lampson promptly forwarded the Dean's note to Charles Dickens, Jr.

churchyard of Rochester Cathedral where however burial was no longer legal.][1]

On Monday morning there appeared an elaborate leading article in *The Times* newspaper, recommending strongly his burial in Westminster Abbey as the one place which alone could receive a person of such great distinction. Still, as I had received no application from any person in authority, I took no steps.[2] At eleven o'clock there arrived Mr. Forster—his future biographer—and his son.[3] When they entered Mr. Forster was at first, and also during several passages of the interview, so much overcome by the violence of his grief that he could hardly speak. Indeed, I have never seen any man so overcome by sorrow as he appeared to be on that occasion. When he had recovered his calmness he said, " I imagine the article in *The Times* must have been written with your concurrence."

I replied, " No, I had no concern with it, but at the same time I had given it to be understood (privately) that I would consent to the interment if it was demanded." The letter,[4] it seems, had gone astray, and therefore it was only on this expression of public feeling in *The Times* that they had ventured to apply. I said, "After this expression in *The Times*, of course, all further application is unnecessary, and I at once consent."

Mr. Forster replied, " Do not consent till you hear what are the conditions on which alone I allow it."

I answered, " Let me hear them."

Mr. Forster replied, " The first condition is that there shall be only two mourning coaches with mourners sufficient to fill them."[5]

I said, " That is entirely an affair of the family; do as you like."

He said, " The second condition is that there shall be no plumes, trappings, or funeral pomp of any kind."

I said, " That is a matter between you and the undertaker, and is no concern of mine."

He said, " The third condition is that the place and time of the interment shall be unknown beforehand."

I replied, " To this condition I am perfectly willing to consent, as far as I am concerned. But look at the circumstances: a leading article in *The Times* requesting his burial: the public by this as well as by their own feelings are on the tiptoe of expectation: the remains, now at Rochester, will have to be removed to London: is it possible under these circumstances to preserve the secret ? It is possible, but only on one condition—that you do not say anything yourselves on the subject, but that this very night you shall bring the body from Rochester, and I, after the public have cleared out of the Abbey, will have

[1] This interlinear interpolation appears in brackets in the original and is in a different hand from that of the text.

[2] In a letter to Lord Houghton, June 13th, 1870, Dean Stanley explained why it was inadvisable for him to take further steps: " The usual course . . . is that friends and distinguished persons should present the case to the Dean, and ask for his approval, and I am unwilling to depart from this precedent, because, if the Dean were to take the initiative a funeral of this kind would be regarded as an expression of his individual feeling rather than the public sentiment."

[3] Charles Dickens, Jr.

[4] The note which F. Locker-Lampson had forwarded to Charles Dickens, Jr.

[5] Dickens's will had stipulated that there be no more than three mourning coaches.

the grave dug in Poets' Corner when night has fallen. If you will be here at nine o'clock in the morning before the usual Service, the secret may be kept, and the interment shall be performed."

Accordingly at six o'clock in the evening I told the clerk of the works to prepare the grave. We went into the Abbey and by the dim light chose a spot near Thackeray's bust, and surrounded on various sides by Handel, Cumberland, and Sheridan. It was fortunate that such a place remained vacant. I left him to make the grave, and retired to bed.

At midnight there came a thundering knock at the door. My servant went to open it. It was a messenger from the *Daily Telegraph*, announcing that the body had been moved from Rochester, and that therefore the probability was that it was going to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and they wished to know at what time. My servant answered that I had gone to bed and could not possibly be disturbed.

At nine o'clock in the morning a solitary hearse with two mourning coaches drove into Dean's Yard.[1] It attracted no observation whatever. In the Abbey were myself and the clergy of the Abbey, to whom alone I had mentioned the secret, by agreement with Mr. Forster. The coffin entered with the eight or twelve mourners,[2] and was sunk into the grave in presence of these few spectators. It was a beautiful summer morning, and the effect of the almost silent and solitary funeral, in that vast space of the Abbey, of this famous writer, whose interment, had it been known, would have drawn thousands to the Abbey, was very striking.

As the small procession quitted the church, I asked Mr. Forster whether, as it would be so great a disappointment to the public, he would allow the grave to be kept open for the remainder of the day. He said, "Yes; now my work is over, and you may do what you like."

The usual Service was at ten o'clock. At eleven o'clock there arrived reporters from every newspaper in London requesting to know when the funeral would take place. I told them it was over. Meantime the rumour had spread, and during that day there were thousands of people who came to see the grave. I cannot remember whether it was kept open for another day, but on that day, or on those two days,[3] every class of the community were present, dropping in flowers, verses, and memorials of every kind, and some of them quite poor people, shedding tears.

* * * * *

On the following Sunday, June 19th, Dean Stanley preached a memorial funeral sermon for Dickens at the evensong service. From Forster he had learned what was to be said and what omitted. On this occasion was to be made public for the first time an extract from Dickens's will, to illustrate the "simple and sufficient faith" in which the novelist had lived and died: "I

[1] There were three mourning coaches. The hour was nine-thirty in the morning, the date June 14th.

[2] There were twelve mourners.

[3] The grave remained open from Tuesday, June 14th, to Thursday, June 16th.

commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord Saviour Jesus Christ; and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there." But preaching the sermon imposed a heavy strain on Dean Stanley, for an attack of laryngitis the day before had resulted in a temporary hoarseness and loss of voice. How he managed to struggle through the service is related in his own narrative:

> On Sunday morning I took every precaution, and by the afternoon felt sufficiently well to go into the Abbey to preach. I had already prepared the sermon beforehand. When I got into the pulpit and gave the text, I became aware that my voice was reduced to the very slenderest thread, and that by no possibility could I make myself heard except to the persons immediately around me. There was no alternative and I went on. In the middle of the sermon a lady fainted and was carried out. This caused a momentary interruption, and I turned round to a relative who was sitting close behind the pulpit and said, " Is it the slightest use my going on ?"
>
> He answered, " Does it hurt you ? does it give you any pain ?"
>
> I said, " No."
>
> Upon which he said, " I think it is just worth while to attempt it."
>
> From that time my voice became a little stronger, and I may possibly have made myself audible, at any rate to some of the congregation. There was one person at the very end of the choir who, from extreme anxiety to hear what was said, did, by a kind of miracle, succeed in hearing."[1]

* * * * *

In concluding his recollections of Dickens, Dean Stanley returned as an afterthought to the burial. Two things, he felt, should be pointed out:

> One is that the funeral at Rochester had already been overruled by finding that the Order of the Privy Council would not permit an interment within the churchyard of the Cathedral. I mention this, in addition to the circumstances already recorded, because it has been a common statement, reiterated with every species of malignant remark, that I had taken away the remains from Rochester where Dickens had wished to be buried, and transferred them to Westminster Abbey. The other remark is that Forster came to me—I think the year after—and I asked him whether he had seen the grave yet, and he said, " No, I have not even ventured to enter Westminster Abbey since that fatal day."

Of interest in these concluding remarks is Dean Stanley's concern to meet the criticism which followed Dickens's interment in Poets' Corner. Even in the novelist's family there was sentiment favoring Rochester as his final resting place. " Of course we had

[1] For the benefit of those who had been prevented by Dean Stanley's indisposition from hearing the sermon, it was printed and publicly distributed.

no alternative but to yield to the wish of the nation as to his burial—when we found that he could be buried in the Abbey . . . with the most perfect privacy and simplicity," Georgina Hogarth wrote Mary Howitt on September 27th, 1870. " But we should have preferred Rochester Cathedral, and it was a great disappointment to the people there that we had to give way to the *larger* demand. Rochester would have been a sort of shrine for him—he loved the place so much—it was the home of his boyhood—and close to the dear home of his last years—and the scenes of his first, and last, book are laid there."[1]

That Miss Hogarth felt a sense of obligation to the authorities at Rochester Cathedral is borne out by her earlier letter, June 18th, to Frederic Ouvry, the family solicitor. She told him that " there had been some expenses incurred by the Cathedral people at Rochester in preparing that grave, tolling the bell, etc.," and wondered whether they would be reimbursed, though, she added, " *no demand has been made.*"[2]

* * * * *

Coming only eleven years before Stanley's own death, Dickens's funeral must have been one of the highlights in the Dean's last decades at the Abbey. Yet the honor of having buried England's greatest novelist was not without disturbing undertones, as witness the reference to the " malignant remarks " directed at Stanley for allegedly depriving Rochester of this distinction. Nor can the explanation given in the *Recollections* be considered a realistic appraisal of the facts. The churchyard at Rochester had indeed been closed by order of the Privy Council, but special provision had been made for Dickens's burial within the Cathedral itself. No legal restrictions would have barred such interment, and to this end the grave had already been prepared. It seems strange that Dean Stanley should have remained ignorant of this development.

[1] I am indebted to Professor Carl Woodring for allowing me to transcribe his photostatic copy of this letter. Quotation is by kind permission of Mrs. Mary H. Walker owner of the original; and Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, O.B.E.

Ouvry Papers. Quoted by kind permission of the owner, Sir Leslie Farrer, K.C.V.O.

FRIENDS OF *THE DICKENSIAN*

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A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND

By Thomas D. Murphy[1]

I DID not, as a child, read Dickens's *Child's History of England*. Considering my paternal background, it would have been surprising if I had. My father had left Ireland at the age of seventeen to escape from under the hated Saxon yoke. He had had the choice of emigration or the probability of jail, for drilling secretly along with some other young patriots in preparation for the day when the English should be thrown out of the land. Someone had informed. Had he found me reading a history of England written by an Englishman, he would, I believe, have taken a very dim view of the matter.

During my formative years I did, however, though in somewhat oblique fashion, learn something about the English record. There were at least two large histories of Ireland (for adults) in our home library. On rainy afternoons, when I had exhausted my latest instalment of adventure stories from the public library, I sometimes dipped into these. They were at least as interesting as the collected works of Henry Bulwer, Lord Lytton, which also (unaccountably) graced our few shelves.

From the two histories of Ireland (written by Irishmen, of course) I derived the distinct impression that the English were cruel and tyrannous men of blood. I cannot recall that my father ever straightened out my thinking on this matter. Of course, had I possessed a copy of the *Child's History of England*, that would have set me right, for in the early pages it is boldly stated that the "English-Saxon character" has been the greatest character among the nations of the earth, and that "Wherever the descendants of the Saxon race have gone, have sailed, or otherwise made their way, even to the remotest regions of the world, they have been patient, persevering, never to be broken in spirit, never to be turned aside from enterprises on which they have resolved. In Europe, Asia, Africa, America, the whole world over; in the desert, in the forest, on the sea; scorched by a burning sun, or frozen by ice that never melts; the Saxon blood remains unchanged. Wheresoever that race goes, there, law, and industry, and safety for life and property, and all the great results of steady perseverance, are certain to rise." According to Dickens, those who, like Alfred the Great, possessed the Saxon virtues, could not be subdued by misfortune, spoiled by prosperity, or shaken in perseverance. Lovers of justice, freedom, truth and knowledge, such men were hopeful in defeat, generous in success.

That certainly had not been what my Irish historians had written. True, they made no claim to the more stolid kinds of virtue which Dickens enumerates, but certainly no Irishman who read their works could doubt which was the noblest race of them all. (Of course, having read much American history since my early youth, I can now chuckle at all such outlandish claims.)

But suppose that I had indeed, as a child, had a copy of Dickens's *History*, and had read past his eulogy of the English character.

[1] A paper read before the Honolulu Branch of the Dickens Fellowship

Even my young mind would, I think, have noticed some inconsistency between his boasts of Saxon virtue and the rest of his story, which is that of a long, brutal, cruel, and generally purposeless scramble for power. Dickens certainly gives his young reader little reason to think that the long line of English monarchs contributed greatly to the blossoming of that English character which he so glowingly describes—and most of his chronicle is a record of the lives of kings and queens and of their intrigues and battles. With the shining exception of Alfred the Great, and those lesser lights William III, Anne, and Victoria (the latter briefly characterised as " very good and much beloved,") they generally appear as a pretty sorry set of characters. If I may illustrate, at random:

Henry IV is summed up as follows: " Considering his duplicity before he came to the throne, his unjust seizure of it, and, above all, his making of that monstrous law for the burning of what the priests called heretics, he was a reasonably good king, as kings went."

As for the " cold, crafty, and calculating " Henry VII, who " would do almost anything for money," he " possessed considerable ability, but his chief merit seems to have been that he was not cruel when there was nothing to be got by it."

In the first paragraph of two chapters on the career of Henry VIII our author says " I shall take the liberty to call him plainly, one of the most detestable villains that ever drew breath," and after much elaboration of this theme, ends the second chapter with the summation: " The plain truth is, that he was a most intolerable ruffian, a disgrace to human nature, and a blot of blood and grease upon the History of England."

Elizabeth Tudor fares somewhat better, for she " was not half so good as she has been made out, nor half so bad as she has been made out." She had her fine qualities, but was " coarse, capricious, and treacherous, and had all the faults of an excessively vain young woman long after she was an old one. On the whole, she had a great deal too much of her father in her, to please me."

James the First, " his Sowship " was, we learn, " ugly, awkward, and shuffling in mind and person. His tongue was much too large for his mouth, his legs were much too weak for his body, and his dull goggle-eyes stared and rolled like an idiot's. He was cunning, covetous, wasteful, idle, drunken, greedy, dirty, cowardly, a great Swearer, and the most conceited man on earth "—and a great deal more of the same.

I will forbear to tell you what Dickens thought of the vile reign of that " miserable brute " John, or of the character of the wilful and untrustworthy Charles I, or that of the " worthless " Merry Monarch, Charles II.

Now I am not sure how perspicacious a child I was, but it does seem to me that had I read Dickens simultaneously with my Irish historians, I might have found a good deal in his book to bolster the impressions of the English-Saxon character which I received from these other works.

Fortunately for the English people, however, their monarchs were not all as bad as Dickens painted them. In fact, our friend

made no real effort to tell England's story "exactly as it happened." The copy of the *Child's History* which I have just read has emerged from the perusal with a number of pencilled questions and exclamation marks on its margins. Andrew Lang, who wrote the introduction to this particular edition, states therein that he had originally intended to annotate the volume, but had decided that the result would be mere laborious pedantry. What he probably meant was that when he read the book the prospect of making all the necessary corrections had so appalled him that he had thrown up the sponge.

In addition to his failings in regard of accuracy and objectivity, Dickens makes no real attempt to deal with cause and effect relationships, or with the development of ideas. It may be that he thought children impervious to this sort of approach, and there will, of course, always be those—even now—even teachers—who will have a sneaking sympathy with this point of view. In any case, however, Dickens did not try.

But it really would be pedantic further to discuss our friend's shortcomings as a historian. That he was not. But he was a wonderful story teller; he had strong ideas as to how Englishmen should behave (and should have behaved); and he had the whole fascinating field of Albion's history with which to work his will. The result, though not always pure history, is always pure Dickens. That is why his book is such a joy. One does not always agree, but is never bored (I am sure that no child ever found this narrative dull), is often highly amused, and is frequently highly sympathetic to the author's point of view.

Let me illustrate by reference to some of the comments of this early Victorian middle class liberal, first on the matter of religion, and then on—well, let's call it the inhumanity of man to man—or, perhaps better, the inhumanity of Englishman to Englishman.

According to Dickens, the Druids probably kept the common people away from Stonehenge and other monuments when these were under construction so that after their completion the priests could tell the commoners that the new structures had been raised by their magical arts. He goes on to observe that it is " pleasant to think that there are no Druids *now*, who go on in that way, and pretend to carry Enchanters' Wands and Serpents' Eggs—and, of course, there is nothing of the kind, anywhere." Oh Disenchantment !

The reader is assured that in Dunstan's time the priests were not only skilful in agriculture, medicine, surgery, and handicrafts, but could also, whenever they needed, make some piece of machinery with which to perform a miracle " to impose a trick upon the poor peasants; they knew very well how to make it; and *did* make it many a time and often, I have no doubt."

As to the great archbishop Dunstan himself, he was naught but an imperious, stern, artful, audacious, ill-conditioned juggler. At one time, it seems, there was a disputation between two church groups over some religious matter, and, as the opposed parties sat across from each other in a hall, Dunstan arose from among his supporters and exclaimed " To Christ Himself, as Judge, do I commit this cause ! " Whereupon the floor under the opposite

party gave way, and many were killed and injured. " You may be pretty sure that it had been weakened under Dunstan's direction, and that it fell at Dunstan's signal. *His* part of the floor did not go down. No, no. He was too good a workman for that."

When this prelate died, the monks decided that he was a saint. Our author's comment: " They might just as well have settled that he was a coach-horse, and could just as easily have called him one."

One gets the vivid impression, after reading the account of Thomas à Becket's career, that this worthy's chief characteristic was that which had caused the downfall of the Archangel Lucifer.

We are assured, as concerns Joan of Arc, that she did, no doubt, believe she saw and heard heavenly beings. " It is very well known that such delusions are a disease which is not by any means uncommon " and Joan had always been a " moping, fanciful girl," a good girl, yes, but perhaps " a little vain and wishful for notoriety." But Dickens is not unsympathetic, and after describing the cruel manner in which she was hounded to the stake, he ends her story with a reference to the statue to her memory in the square at Rouen, and writes: " I know of some statues of modern times—even in the World's Metropolis, I think —which commemorate less constancy, less earnestness, smaller claims upon the world's attention, and much greater impostors."

England's Puritans were " for the most part an uncomfortable people, who thought it highly meritorious to dress in a hideous manner, talk through their noses, and oppose all harmless enjoyments." There were many of this sort in Oliver Cromwell's army, and they had " such an inconvenient habit of starting up and preaching long winded discourses, that I would not have belonged to that army on any account." So much for the Puritans.

On the other hand, their great enemy, Archbishop Laud, was one who thought bishops and archbishops " a sort of miraculous persons " and " brought in an immensity of bowing and candle snuffing." A plague on both their houses!

In the time of James I " it was comfortably settled that there was to be only one form of religion, and that all men were to think exactly alike. But although this was arranged two centuries and a half ago, and although the arrangment was supported by much fining and imprisonment, I do not find that it is quite successful, even yet," says Dickens, triumphantly.

To turn to another part of the record as this author sees it. He is in complete sympathy with Wat Tyler and the oppressed common people who followed him during the Peasants' Rebellion. After describing the proposals for alleviation of their miserable lot which were presented to the " deceitful " young Richard II, he exclaims " Heaven knows, there was nothing very unreasonable in these proposals!" After describing Wat's death, and the dispersal of his followers, he remarks that " the end was the usual end," with some fifteen hundred of the rioters tried and executed with great cruelty, and many hanged on gibbets as a terror to their miserable friends among the country people. But we are assured that the deposed Richard, as he later languished in the Tower of London, made " a far more sorry spectacle . . . than

Wat Tyler had made, lying dead, among the hooves of the royal horses in Smithfield."

When William Fitz-Osbert had attempted to give the common men leadership he too had been cut down. "Death," remarks Dickens, "was long a favourite remedy in silencing the people's advocates, but as we go on with this history, I fancy we shall find them difficult to make an end of, for all that."

A thirteenth century battle between the French and the English ended, we find, in the usual fashion of those times, "the common men were slain without any mercy, and the knights and the gentlemen paid ransom and went home."

In a discussion of the Great Fire of London, it is remarked that this holocaust was, in a way, a blessing, because the burned sections were rebuilt more widely, more cleanly, and more healthily. In fact, the London of Victoria's day "might be more healthy than it is, but there are some people in it still—even now, at this time, nearly two hundred years later—so selfish, so pig-headed, and so ignorant, that I doubt if even another Great Fire would warm them up to do their duty."

Rumbold, the old Cromwellian soldier who was a partner in the Rye House Plot against Charles II, was apprehended and executed "after defending himself with great spirit, and saying that he did not believe that God had made the greater part of mankind to carry saddles on their backs and bridles in their mouths, and to be ridden by a few, booted and spurred for the purpose." And, says Dickens, "I thoroughly agree with Rumbold!"

One could continue to illustrate our friend's passion for greater social justice than England's history had so far shown, but time does not permit. I must make an assessment. Let it be this—that had I read this "history" as a child, I would have found therein no pretence of Olympian impartiality, but instead a burning hatred of cruelty and oppression, a love of human freedom, and a vivid hope for a better lot for the mass of men than that which they had suffered in the bad old past. It would have been good for me, as I am sure it has been for thousands of children. But I am just as glad I did not read the *Child's History*, for if I had, I would probably never have re-read it as an adult, and would have missed the vast entertainment it has so recently given me . . . And, confidentially, after having read it, I now feel sure that if Charles Dickens had grown up in my father's village, he would have been out there in the pasture of a night with the rest of the boys, drilling for the day when the virtuous Saxons were to be tossed out of Erin! I am more fond of him now than ever I was.

THE ROMANCE AND HUMANITY OF CHARLES DICKENS

An attractive booklet of 36 pages, bearing this title, has been written by Mr. J. B. Simons, M.A., a former President of the Portsmouth Branch. It covers a wide field and embraces many facets of Dickens's genius, and provides both an admirable introduction to Dickens and a useful commentary for the confirmed Dickensian. (Angus Downie, Southport, 2*s*. 6*d*.)

HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH

THE sermon at this year's Dickens Commemorative Service at Southwark Cathedral on June 3rd, was preached by the President of the Dickens Fellowship, the Very Rev. W. R. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's.

The Dean said that it was specially appropriate to commemorate Dickens in Southwark, so closely associated with his life and work, but he doubted he was the proper person to do so. He suspected that Dickens was not particularly fond of clergymen, although Anglican parsons fared better than others. Nor was there reason to suppose that he had any affection for Deans.

Why was Dickens so signally honoured and remembered? Why was he regarded with *affection*, with a large Fellowship to keep his memory green, and his works read and studied? England boasted many great writers; which country had more? Some were greater than Dickens. They are honoured and studied, but Dickens commands our affection in addition. Of Shakespeare it was written, "Others abide our question, thou art free," but Dickens *abides* our question. We feel that he is like us, a common man, but with genius. There, thought the Dean, was the gist of the answer.

Dickens was a great writer of English. By no means a perfect one, yet the fact remains that he can enthrall us. As a story-teller he is always alive. His descriptions, such as in the opening of *Bleak House*, immediately capture and hold our attention, despite the improbable happenings that are related. That is great writing.

He has enormous fecundity and gusto; a man who saw the misery and evils of life clearly, but yet he loved it, and interpreted its interest, its drama, and its endless variety. He saw life as a mixture of light and dark, good and evil, but it was thrilling, and we feel the influence of his zest.

His very human characters are not subtle, there was little psychological development. They have been called caricatures, but when one considers the queerness of human character, one has but to exaggerate slightly and a Dickens character is the result. Most of us have something of Micawber in us.

But his greatest quality is his compassion. He reacted against oppression and wrong with passionate indignation.

The period of his life revealed many abuses and injustices, some relics of the past, others originating in rapid industrial expansion, the Poor Law, the law's delays, schools like that of Squeers. All his dramatic power, his humour and creative genius were brought to bear to demolish them. He was a fighter not with political methods or theories, but with his novelist's pen. He awakened the conscience and imagination. Who can estimate the debt we owe him, that this nation, on the whole, hates cruelty and oppression.

Recent research on the life of Dickens has revealed shadows unsuspected by earlier biographers, who passed over in silence things which perhaps might have better remained hidden. Dickens was no saint or irreproachable hero. Whether we regret it or not, he was an imperfect man. But that does not alter the fact that he

had valiant compassion. In that was the touch and signature of Christianity and it is that which above all we thank God for. Among all that he says to us this stands out. " He being dead, yet speaketh."

THE WAY TO DINGLEY DELL

By Pansy Pakenham

It used to be a favourite hobby of Dickensians, with the aid of large-scale maps of Kent, guide books and the *Pickwick Papers*, to search for the original of Dingley Dell and to defend their conclusions vigorously. Though Dickens was perfectly capable of moving a house from one part of England to another, it is possible that, in a walk near Rochester, he noted a picturesque farmhouse and decided to make it the home of the Wardle family. It would be surely more interesting to enquire, however, whether the Wardle family had any originals, and where he discovered them. It is they who have made Dingley Dell famous, not the other way about. I believe there has been no search for a prosperous farmer living in patriarchal style, who the young Dickens used to visit in his reporting days and it is sometimes suggested that the life at Manor Farm is a Cockney fantasy. I have found an indication, however, that, like the rest of the *Pickwick Papers*, it was based on Dickens's own experience.

In *The Dickens Originals* by Edwin Pugh, published in 1912, there is an account of a newspaper interview given two years previously by a very old lady, the sister of Dickens's early friend, Tom Mitton. She figures in Pugh's book because Dickens, who knew her in childhood, had nicknamed her Little Dorrit, but there seems to have been nothing in common between her and that heroine. She had first met the Dickens family in Somers Town where she used to stay with an old nurse, but her most interesting revelation was that her father had been a farmer at Sunbury and that when Dickens was a reporter, he frequently spent weekends at the farm, where he engaged in rural activities with all his accustomed energy. Sunbury was, at that time, deep in the country, yet easily accessible from London and Dickens could have found there the kind of existence he afterwards described in *Pickwick*. Mr. Mitton must have been a prosperous farmer as he could afford to article his son Tom to a solicitor, and it is possible that in keeping up the hospitable standards of Dingley Dell he overspent himself. There is a letter from Dickens to Tom Mitton (July 26th, 1842) condoling with him on the death of his father and saying: " It is a real happiness to know that for many years past he has lived respectably and happily which he never could have done but for your arrangements and care." He adds a message of remembrance to Tom's mother and sister, but there is no indication of where they are living, except that it is " out of town."

Fortunately, whatever vicissitudes old Mr. Wardle may have suffered in his declining years, it is the glorious life at Dingley Dell that has been immortalised, and the darker days that are buried in oblivion.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP: THE FIFTIETH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

Immortal Memory by GORDON STOWELL

THE Jubilee Conference assembled at Eastbourne, in beautiful weather, on Friday, May 25th, when the Mayor, Alderman S. M. Caffyn, J.P., and Mrs. Caffyn, entertained the visitors at the reception in the Town Hall in the evening. Music was provided by a section of the Eastbourne Ladies' Choir.

The Annual Business Meeting was opened on the following morning at the Town Hall by the Mayor. After thanking the Mayor for the warmth of Eastbourne's generous hospitality, the Chairman, Mr. W. A. MacGregor, made reference to the fact that "it is four years since an individual of my sex has been entrusted with the responsibility of steering the Fellowship through this 'Business Meeting'." It is possible, therefore, that some of you may deem it proper for me to present my credentials. I cannot, like Mr. Grewgious, declare myself to be a particularly angular man; but I can and do claim that, like him, I have spent many years dealing with the matters of pounds, shillings and pence, and to have acquired, again like Mr. Grewgious, a profound sense of the fact that business is business. You may therefore be reasonably assured of my competence to perform the duties of my office, coming under that heading. As regards those other duties carried out by my three immediate predecessors, Mrs. Stock, Mrs. Bacon and Miss Pool, with so much grace and charm, I throw myself upon your mercy. For I am as totally unacquainted with those qualities as Mr. Grewgious was with the habits of birds, except the birds of Staple Inn who sought their nests in gutterpipes and chimney-pots. In particular, I confess to an inherited inability to call to mind the names of folk I know quite well: a mental aberration, which causes me, once more like Mr. Grewgious, to have dim forebodings at times of having been examined in something and not having come very well out of it. Nevertheless, I am assured of your kind indulgence towards any such shortcomings on my part. From my knowledge of the thought, time and labour which has been devoted by the officers and organisers to the arranging of this Conference, I believe that when Tuesday morning comes round we shall be able to say of this Jubilee Conference, that it has fully maintained the high standards set up by its predecessors during the last half-century."

The Roll Call revealed that twenty branches were represented, including members from Christchurch, N.Z., and Boston, Mass.

In reply to messsages of loyal greetings, there were read telegrams from H. M. The Queen, and H. M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Among other messages received was one from Mr. A. W. Edwards, Hon. Secretary 1925–1936, now in his ninety-first year.

The Hon. Secretary then read:

ANNUAL REPORT OF COUNCIL, 1955-56

In *The Dickensian* for 1931, the Hon. Editor, Walter Dexter, wrote: "The Twenty-fifth Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship, held at Eastbourne, marks a definite advance in the Fellowship's history. Although the incidents of the first Conference, held at Manchester, will never be effaced from my memory, what far different functions those of the last twelve years have been, how much more social, how much more representative of the whole Fellowship!" Twenty-five branches sent delegates.

And here we are, once more at Eastbourne, our third Conference in this town and our fiftieth.

Only one Branch was formed in 1906, at Gloucester, which celebrates its 50th anniversary on 20th December. Unfortunately, it cannot be reported that our Gloucester Branch is very strong at the moment. Its membership is reduced and its meetings infrequent. Nevertheless, we feel sure you would like to send to them from Conference our congratulations on the attainment of this important year in their history and to hope that the fact of its achievement will help them to revive their activities and to become, as they were once, one of our most flourishing branches in the West country.

Yet another Branch will reach its fiftieth anniversary before we meet again in Conference—this time across the ocean. To Philadelphia, we send our greetings, congratulations and best wishes on celebrating its Golden Jubilee, on a most auspicious day—the 7th February next year.

In respect of research, we have dealt with enquiries on Hans Andersen, Grimaldi, the inevitable Ellen Ternan, etc., etc. We have been approached for Dickensian information for such diverse causes as Education, Patents and Advertising—the last named in respect of Gillette razors. Numerous enquiries are always being made as to the source of quotations and in most cases we have been successful, often after much research, in supplying an answer.

The new Independent Television turned very quickly to Dickens, when the Bardell *v.* Pickwick Trial was featured in an early programme. Fortunately we were spared a break for a "commercial," in which we might have been informed that Mr. Pickwick polished his head with Brylcreem! A musical version of *A Christmas Carol* followed later, but our members who saw it were strangely silent, from which we can perhaps draw our own conclusions. In one of the B.B.C's "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral" programmes, The Dickens House was asked to supply an object for identification.

No theatrical productions of any note can be reported. As for the screen, things have been quiet. But there was a threat of a bigger, better, wider and more colossal production of *A Tale of Two Cities* on Cinemascope, which perhaps fortunately, for the peace of our minds, has not yet materialised.

Several books about Dickens and numerous articles have been published during the year; the re-issue of Dickens's works by the Oxford University Press, with reproductions of the original illustrations, has been continued. Sixteen volumes have now been published, making almost a complete set, except for the shorter sketches.

As for houses associated with Dickens, the only news this year is that " the House of Agnes " in Canterbury has now become a residential hotel, and the interior can be seen by visitors.

Unfortunately we have to report the cessation of three branches during the year. One Overseas, the Pasadena Branch, U.S.A., found it impossible to continue any longer. Always a small branch, meeting in members' houses, its membership never increased and with advancing age and the loss of members, it has eventually dwindled to a very few and has had very reluctantly to relinquish its Charter. The Tabard Players was hardly a branch in the true sense, but a dramatic association directing its activities to productions of adaptations from the books of Dickens. Fast on the loss of their founder, Ross Barrington, the steep rise in the cost of their headquarters and place of rehearsal, has made it impossible for them to continue in their present form. Finally, our only Scottish Branch, at Edinburgh, which has been operating since the War on a shilling annual subscription, has also found it necessary to cease its activities altogether, owing to lack of support and officers to run it. Obviously, a branch cannot hope to run successfully these days on such a subscription and evidently the influence of Rabbie Burns has proved too much for the survival of Dickens over the border. Our numbers stand to-day at 29 branches in this country and 35 overseas, a total of 64. On the occasion of the twenty-fifth Conference at Eastbourne, our branches totalled 75.

In his annual report to Conference for 1930/31 the Hon. Secretary said this: " It cannot be said too often that it is the earnest desire of the Executive Committee to establish closer, and still closer relations with the branches, and these Council Meetings afford, next to Conference itself, the best opportunities for the intercourse which leads to such relations." This is still the feeling of your Executive Committee and Council. We have continued throughout the year to urge branches to support Council Meetings and either to send representatives or to appoint deputies under the Rules of the Fellowship. We are pleased to report that last October there was a marked improvement in representation, although there is still plenty of room for more. It is very gratifying to report that three Overseas Branches have already appointed deputies and Council was very pleased to welcome delegates representing Montreal, New York and Philadelphia.

To refer once more to *The Dickensian* for 1931, the Hon. Editor in those days did not mince words in regard to representation at Conference, and both in respect of this and support for our magazine, his words may well be listened to with advantage by some of our branches to-day. He speculates why certain branches were *never* represented at Conference and others but very seldom, and continues: " The non-representation at Eastbourne of the sister town at Brighton was very noticeable; but as *The Dickensian* has no sale among its members, the Conference, even if known, has no real meaning to them. Every branch in the country should make a point of seeing that it displays its sense of Fellowship by sending a delegate to Conference." The number of delegates at Eastbourne when we last met here was 200.

Following the recommendation from last year's Conference, that a revival of the Regional Groups would greatly benefit branches and the Fellowship as a whole, it is pleasing to report the existence now of two groups—the North West Regional Group and a newly formed one, the South East Regional Group. The last named consists of Portsmouth, our hosts to-day, Eastbourne, Southend, St. Pancras and Broadstairs. Separate Group Reports will follow in the Meeting. Wolverhampton has agreed to act as convening Branch for the prospective Midland Group, consisting of Birmingham, Redditch, Rugby and Wolverhampton, and we hope for further developments in that respect in the coming year.

May we once again urge branches to take early steps to form further groups and it is hoped that good news in this respect will in due course be forthcoming from the West Country, where Gloucester, in its Golden Jubilee year, would surely benefit from such an arrangement.

There is no better safeguard for the faltering branch and no better insurance for continued strength than the unity which comes from the formation of a group and the knowledge that one's neighbours are at hand to help when required.

In presenting its Annual Report, Council would like to remind Conference that the forthcoming year is one in which we have agreed to study *Barnaby Rudge*. May we then suggest some words of advice from this book for the Fellowship to bear in mind in looking with confidence to the future—words that can be inspiring—those of Grip the raven—

"Never say die!"

The Hon. Treasurer then presented:

ACCOUNTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1955

I have to report that with the kindly assistance of Mr. Harry Evans of the Manchester Branch, the senior partner of the firm of our Hon. Auditors, Messrs. Morris, Gregory & Co., Chartered Accountants, of Manchester, the books have been audited and the Accounts rendered for the year ended 31st December 1955. I take this opportunity of expressing our very sincere appreciation of the valued assistance which they have extended to us.

Starting with the results of our trading activity—*The Dickensian*—the excess of Expenditure over Receipts was £85. I am pleased to report that sales at £661 were £19 better than in 1954, and we had the best year ever in the sales of back numbers at £156. I must draw attention here to the reduction in our stock on hand. You will appreciate that we must have back numbers so as to be able to bind and sell them, but during the year 1955 we dropped from £55 at the beginning to £36 at the end. If, therefore, you or any members of your Branch have any old copies of *The Dickensian* you feel you can spare, please send them to Headquarters.

Expenditure at £941 was £54 more than in 1954, but this was due almost entirely to the cost of binding back numbers (£51) which did not occur in 1954.

The result is a loss of £85, against which I can set £32 for

donations we received during the year from some of our supporters towards the cost of producing the publication.

I must issue a word of warning that in line with all other economic trends our expenses in 1956 will show an increase which may prove an embarrassment to us without assistance from our members. The Hon. Editor will have something to say on this point later.

As regards The Dickens Fellowship, the income from all sources at £614 was £12 less than in 1954, and the expenditure at £506 was £4 less—that was after incorporating the Pension provision to which I made reference last year. The Excess of Income over Expenditure at £107 was £8 less than in 1954.

After setting off the loss on *The Dickensian*, the balance on Capital account was £1045, an increase of £22 on the year (D.F. Excess £108—*The Dickensian* Loss £86). Our net assets increased by £120 to £2904.

It is clear then that every effort must be made to the appeal by the Hon. Editor, otherwise we may find it necessary to have recourse to Capital, if in a future year the Loss on *The Dickensian* should exceed the Excess on The Dickens Fellowship.

Although it does not form part of my task as your Hon. Treasurer, I can report as one of the Trustees of the Dickens House that for 1955 there was a reasonable excess of Income over Expenditure notwithstanding that the cost of Repairs and Maintenance amounted to £393. This, I think, makes it clear how satisfactory were our efforts in creating and raising the Walter Dexter Memorial Fund, for without the income on that invested fund there would have been a very heavy deficit.

The Auditor's accounts appear on another page.

The Vice-Presidents, the officers, and the hon. auditors were re-elected. The Books for Study for the season 1957–58 were appointed to be *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *American Notes*. That for the coming season, *Barnaby Rudge*, having been decided by last year's Conference. The invitations of the Sheffield Branch that the 1957 Conference be held at Buxton on May 24-27, and that of the Nottingham Branch for Conference in 1958, were warmly accepted.

The Editor of *The Dickensian* then dealt with the financial position of the Fellowship's magazine and the urgent necessity to ease it. The Council's proposal to launch a scheme to be known as THE FRIENDS OF THE DICKENSIAN, with the support of Executive, and the Trustees of the Dickens House, was endorsed without a dissentient voice. A report of progress to date, and details of other measures to deal with the situation, will be found on another page.

A report of the year's activities of the N.W. Regional Group of Branches was given by Mr. Leo Mason, and on the S.E. Regional Group by Mrs. Stock. The older group continues its invaluable work, and the younger one was seen to have got off to a very good start. It is to be hoped that others will be successfully functioning in the near future.

The morning's business was brought to a close with a cordial

vote of thanks to the Chairman by Miss C. Stuart-Bunning, seconded by Mrs. Laws.

* * * * *

In the afternoon the visitors were received by the Eastbourne Branch at Dickens Hall, the meeting place presented to it by the late Mr. W. F. Goode, and Mrs. Goode. The Branch is in the fortunate position of being the only one to possess a hall of its own.

Later members met at the Burlington Hotel for the Conference Dinner, which will long be remembered by those present for the excellence of the speeches.

The principal toast,

"The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens"

was proposed by Mr. Gordon Stowell in the following terms:

As you all know, we are now nearing the eighty-sixth anniversary of Charles Dickens's death.

By the nature of things, the number of those who ever spoke to him or even saw him has been slowly but surely reduced to the merest handful. If any such are still alive, I judge it to be extremely unlikely that any are present here tonight.

And yet here we are—men and women born at all kinds of odd times during those intervening eighty-six years—with one great purpose in common: to revere and to honour and to cherish and to serve the memory of a man whom none of us ever saw.

For what other purpose does the Dickens Fellowship exist?

What is more—we hope (and we all confidently expect—and is there any reason to doubt?) that it will be exactly the same even after another eighty-six years—when the number of people who were fortunate enough to know *us* will also be dwindling to a mere handful.

Why not? They won't know much about *us* eighty-six years on, but they'll know just as much about Dickens—probably more! just as we know rather more about him than his contemporaries did; not only more about the man himself, thanks to the persistence of biographers and psychologists, not to mention detectives; but also more about his works through constantly studying them afresh, often under the stimulus and guidance—the illuminating guidance—of a succession of wise and perceptive writers and commentators who have led us to discover in those works more richness and delight than we might have been able to perceive for ourselves. That is a process that will continue down the next eighty-six years, and beyond. The last word on Dickens has not been spoken yet, by any means. Perhaps it never will be spoken.

That is partly what is meant by immortality.

It is a relative term, of course. I'm not the first to point out that the immortality of Homer himself has endured so far for only some 3,000 years, a mere blink of the eye compared with the age of the earth and the whole range of time past and time to come—not to mention eternity! Shakespeare has so far endured less than a paltry 400 years.

Who are we to dare to predict for Homer, Shakespeare and Dickens even a further 1000 years ?—expecially at the rate things are dissolving nowadays.

Let's bring our definition of immortality within the range of Practical Politics.

So far as literature goes, I once publicly defined an "immortal" writer as one whose works other publishers will want to publish when the copyright expires fifty years after his death. It is a fair enough test, I think; and remarkably few writers survive it. The implication is that if public demand for such works has lasted so long, there's every reason to expect, from past experience, that it will continue indefinitely. Well—Charles Dickens got safely over that first hurdle years ago. And we here *are* here because we so very much want him to continue indefinitely. That is the pleasant proposition, the fulfilment of which I shall presently ask you to pledge with your glasses.

But to drink a toast implies very much more than even the most desirable hope. A toast is also an honour. It is expressive not only of admiration, but also of affection. It is something to be supported with a full heart, as well as with a full glass. What is it that impels us to honour the memory of Dickens in this particularly concise fashion, so regularly and so enthusiastically? Why do we do it?

Well—I could give you a hundred good reasons; and each of you could retaliate by giving me another hundred, and all of them different—but all amounting to very much the same thing.

During this past week or two I have been entertaining myself and my small son, aged 9½, by reading aloud to him for the first time, those superb early chapters of *David Copperfield*. The other night we accompanied little David through the period of his disgrace—after biting Mr. Murdstone's hand—all the way from Blunderstone House to the gates of Salem House. And it struck me forcibly that from those two short chapters alone I could pick out countless reasons for cherishing the memory of Dickens. I could find them in Peggotty's burst buttons, rolling all over the road. In the same Peggotty carrying on a whispered conversation with David through the keyhole, and David forgetting to take his mouth away from the keyhole and put his ear there—so that "though her words tickled me a good deal, I didn't hear them". In David's tears that dropped upon his bread-and-butter, and trickled into his tea. In the spreading of David's wet pocket-handkerchief on the horse's back to dry. In the husky-voiced gentleman from the coach who brought a rash out upon himself with boiled beef. In the competition between David and the Friendly Waiter, as to who could eat the most batter-pudding. In the elderly lady in the great fur coat, who looked in the dark more like a haystack than a lady. In that Whitechapel inn, of which it is written: "I forget whether it was the Blue Bull or the Blue Boar, but I know it was the Blue Something, and that its likeness was painted on the back of the coach." In Mrs. Fibbitson—do you remember her? Companion to Mr. Mell's mother in the almshouse; I'm afraid I'd forgotten her. I rather think Dickens forgot her too, or she would have been sure to turn up again in

Australia or somewhere, at the end of the book—the old woman in a large chair by the fire who was "such a bundle of clothes that I feel grateful to this hour for not having sat upon her by mistake" —Mrs. Fibbitson who screened the fire as if she were sedulously keeping *it* warm instead of it keeping *her* warm.

In fact, in every one of those homely, humble, comic details and playful fancies about everyday people and everyday things that all the other novelists can't be bothered with . . . each one of which has made my small son laugh aloud, suddenly and spontaneously, in delighted recognition of their truth to his own simple experience of simple people and simple things.

It is clear that he appreciates their truth and humour as surely as he appreciates that Clara Peggotty is a dear, Mr. Murdstone horrid, and the Friendly Waiter a bit of a cheat; and the more he laughs, and the more his wide eyes open in rapt eagerness as he listens to my rough-and-ready interpretation, the more reason I find to bless anew the memory of Charles Dickens.

You know, Dickens consistently pays a very high and a very rare tribute to his readers.

Invariably he assumes that his readers are *good* people—in contrast to all those many writers who prefer to assume that their readers are—like themselves—primarily clever or sophisticated or cynical or tough—or, in these days, disillusioned, morbid, sex-ridden, or downright plain silly.

Dickens, as I say, always pays us the compliment of assuming that whatever else we are, clever or tough or silly, we are essentially people who recognise and appreciate the old traditional common-sense distinction between good and bad, between right and wrong, between virtue and vice, between honesty and humbug—even in our own selves.

He assumes that we are, like himself, of the kind who relish —at least in other people—the simple virtues, emotions, sentiments, and affections; that we rate the merits of the warm heart above those of the cool head; and that we dislike above everything all greed, selfishness, cruelty and hypocrisy.

This is indeed a very great compliment.

I'm not daring to suggest that it is in every case deserved, and that every lover of Dickens is *ipso facto* a consistent model of all the virtues, any more than Dickens himself was. But we have every incentive at least to try to live up to the compliment. And I will say this—and from experience. Show me the man— (Show me the woman too, I dare say, but I'm considerably less experienced in that direction, so, if you'll permit me, I'll stick to my own sex). . . . Show me the man who rates the reading, and the re-reading, of the novels of Dickens high among his personal pleasures—and happily they are to be numbered in untold thousands—and I know I can safely take it for granted that there is one whose heart is sure to be in the place where *I* like a heart to be. One who—however much he may try to disguise the fact— will, sooner or later, reveal himself to be friendly, kindly, generous by disposition, inclined to hospitality and charitableness. One who likes to laugh a lot—yet never with malice; who finds his greatest delight in the simplest things, and who follows by nature

the advice given by Mr. Sleary to Mr. Gradgrind: "Make the betht of uth, Thquire—not the wortht." And it's remarkable how often such men contrive to look like Mr. Pickwick. Mind you, whether such a man will ever discover the same about *me* is a very different story, of course. But I *hope* he will. Anyway, I feel that there's a bond between us at once. In the company of such a man I can begin to glow—genially and *con*genially; because fundamentally we share the same Dickensian philosophy—the philosophy of the warm heart.

We read our Dickens—and as we read, it isn't just a matter of saying "How beautifully phrased!" or "How cleverly observed!" The impact upon us is infinitely more direct, and more profound. On almost every page we re-discover a kind of kinship with Dickens.

It's a personal relationship between reader and author that can never be assessed—something beyond the limited imagination of the solemn literary scholars and the compilers of textbooks—something that can't even be properly defined. And yet I'll guarantee that most people here know exactly what I mean.

As we read our Dickens, spirit leaps to meet kindred spirit. Heart responds to kindred heart. This is not the language of literary appreciation. It is the language of affection, the language of love. As a matter of fact, the best word for it was discovered over half a century ago—Fellowship. As we turn the familiar pages, we lovers of Dickens are in fellowship with him; and, by the same token, although we are numbered in our tens of thousands, we are inevitably in fellowship with one another. Why!—you've only to look around you here tonight. Are we not obviously extraordinarily happy here, in one another's company? And to whom do we owe it but to a man who died long before most of us were born?

And so—86 years later—I now invite you, as representatives not only of the official Dickens Fellowship, but also of that far wider Fellowship, the countless hosts of lovers of Dickens spread far and wide over the surface of the two hemispheres—

I invite you to rise and join me in drinking yet again a toast to "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens".

* * * *

The County Borough of Eastbourne was the toast proposed by Mr. W. A. MacGregor, Chairman of Council, and replied to by the Mayor. The Toast of The Dickens Fellowship was in the hands of the Rev. Donald Carpenter, and replied to, on behalf of the Home Branches, by Mrs. Mabel Evans, J.P., Past President, Manchester Branch, and, for those Overseas, by Mr. N. C. Peyrouton, Hon. Treasurer, Boston, Mass. Mr. W. d'Ivry Oakeshott proposed the Toast of The Chairman, and Mr. Gilbert Foyle, F.R.S.A., President, Eastbourne Branch, replied.

On Sunday morning the visitors heard an admirable sermon at All Soul's Church, by the Vicar, the Rev. E. G. Wells, and the afternoon was occupied by a drive over Beachy Head to Brighton, where tea was taken at the Bedford Hotel, beloved of Dickens, and a return *via* Lewes. In the evening the Eastbourne Branch

entertained the visitors at the Burlington Hotel. A scene from *Little Dorrit* was performed, Miss Norah Woodgate sang, Mr. John Greaves gave selections from Dickens, and Mr. Gilbert Foyle interested the company with an exhibition of his collection of Dickens in the original monthly parts.

The final day of the Conference was filled by a beautiful drive across Sussex and Kent, looking their finest in their fresh spring array, to Rochester. During the morning Bodiam Castle was visited and lunch was taken at Maidstone. Members of the Rochester Branch conducted the visitors round that city and some afterwards attended evensong in the Cathedral. After tea a return was made *via* Cobham, where there was a short halt for a visit to the Leather Bottle, and to the Church.

At tea, Mr. John Greaves, Hon. Secretary, expressed the thanks of the visitors and of the entire Fellowship, to Miss E. M. Mosley for the splendid arrangements she had made for Conference and for the many months of untiring work she had contributed to make them so successful and enjoyable. This tribute was greeted with enthusiasm.

FOR THE DICKENSIAN'S BOOKSHELF

THE HERO IN ECLIPSE IN VICTORIAN FICTION

By Mario Praz

(Geoffrey Cumberlege, Ox. Univ. Press. 45*s*.)

The Hero of Professor Praz's learned and entertaining study is the Byronic rebel, who was eclipsed by the growth of domestic sentiment and by the bourgeois reaction against his extravagance and lawlessness. The results can be seen in Victorian fiction, which either tames the hero or destroys him, and which idealises virtuous mediocrity and family ties. Professor Praz has another theme, the influence of genre painting, beginning with the Dutch in the seventeenth century, on the descriptions and settings of nineteenth-century novels. Apart from enabling him to illustrate his book with many delightful family groups, this theory does not add much to his discussion of the four novelists he has chosen to represent the anti-heroic mood. These are Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope and George Eliot, and he has written interesting essays on each, showing a remarkable knowledge of their works and of English literature in general.

The essay on Dickens is the least satisfactory of the four, perhaps because he does not really fit into Professor Praz's scheme. He certainly has a Biedermeier side—a term used to cover domestic cosiness and the idealisation of humble life, but is he anti-heroic? Though he does not glorify the Byronic hero (who in Steerforth meets his Nemesis), his characters are generally active, courageous and original, not dull mediocrities or passive victims of circumstance. Mr. Pickwick is heroic, so are Sam Weller, Little Nell, Mr. Peggotty, Lady Dedlock and a score of others. They undertake

all kinds of dangerous enterprises and do not always end up in comfortable retirement—sometimes in violent death. Professor Praz dismisses this aspect of Dickens's novels as vulgar melodrama, and it is clear that he has no taste for the sensational, the fanciful or the grotesque, nor does he pay attention to Dickens's narrative power. He sees him only as a "sublime reporter" of the passing scene who ought never to have written novels. Neither is Thackeray's sentimental art highly esteemed, and his keenest appreciation is given to the sober realism and psychological explorations of George Eliot and Anthony Trollope. Even George Eliot is blamed for sometimes relapsing into melodrama, so one may wonder if it is the Victorians who are anti-heroic, or Professor Praz. In some ways he appears old-fashioned in his judgements. He takes for granted that descriptions of family affection, married fidelity and modest comfort will arouse nothing but contempt in the modern reader's mind. This may be so in Italy where such conditions are perhaps still commonplace, but in England they are more likely to provoke nostalgic emotions.

Possible disagreement with his theories however, will not deter readers from enjoying Professor Praz's stimulating book. He examines not only Victorian fiction but the ideas of Wordsworth, Lamb, Macaulay, De Quincey and Coventry Patmore, and has something interesting to say about all of them and their part in accelerating the fall of the Hero. He does not however, mention the influence of feminine writers and the Rise of the Heroine. This might be a good subject for another study of Victorian fiction.

PANSY PAKENHAM.

CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS FAMILY

By W. H. BOWEN

(Printed for the author by Heffer, Cambridge. 21s.)

The scope of this modest volume of 182 pages is in some respects much wider, in others less comprehensive than its title would seem to imply. Its author's avowed purpose was, at the outset, to review the medical history of Charles Dickens, and the pages he devotes to a discussion of that aspect of the novelist's career constitute what many will deem the most interesting and valuable section of his book, based as it obviously is on considerable medical and clinical experience. But Dr. Bowen has extended his study to embrace the paternal grandparents, parents, brothers and sisters, and children of Dickens, as well as his wife, Maria Beadnell, Mary Hogarth, Christiana Weller, Madame De la Rue and Ellen Ternan, in the light of their association with him and their influence on his character and conduct. Two further sections are concerned with the separation from Mrs. Dickens and its aftermath, while the longest essay in the book passes in review the pronouncements of some of Dickens's contemporaries and later critics on his temperament and philosophy of life. The significance of the blacking warehouse episode is touched upon in another

short chapter, and the whole is prefaced by a rather sketchy and not entirely accurate outline of Dickens's meteoric career.

Dr. Bowen shows himself to be well acquainted with the main sources of Dickensian biography, but has strangely overlooked the important investigations on the Dickens ancestry of Messrs. Butler and Campling, published seven years ago in *The Dickensian*. A study of them must have led him to modify some of his inferences and to reject others which cannot now be substantiated. To say that "nothing appears to be known" about the parents of Elizabeth Barrow (Mrs. John Dickens) beyond her father's disgrace is to ignore the results of recent research showing, *inter alia*, that Charles Barrow lived to be nearly 67 and his widow nearly 80. Elizabeth's four brothers reached the ages of 37, 63, 62 and 71, while her three sisters died at 34 (Mrs. Lamert), 72 and 76—an average of less than 60—giving but slender support to his assumption that the Barrows tended to be long-lived.

Even less convincing is the author's surmise, founded in part on a misapprehension, that there may have been a tubercular strain in the Dickens family. The date of the marriage of Dickens's paternal grandparents "comparatively late in life" is given correctly as 1781 (p. 1); yet we are told elsewhere (p. 134) that William Dickens, senior, died in 1779. From this the totally unwarranted inference is drawn that he lived to be only 45 or less and that phthisis was responsible for his death as well as that of his elder son. In fact, he died in October 1785, four years after his marriage (when he was probably a widower of 62). It is true that Dickens's eldest sister Fanny succumbed to tuberculosis of the lung when only 38. The cause of her brother Alfred's demise at the same age, however, was not consumption but pleurisy. It may be added that the baby brother of the same name who died in 1814, was a victim of water on the brain. Speculation as to the cause of John Dickens's death is rendered unnecessary by the death certificate, which gives it as "rupture of the urethra from an old-standing stricture." The surgeon who performed the operation, Dr. Robert Wade, was a specialist in this disease.

Dr. Bowen is on firmer ground when he comes to deal with the ailments from which Dickens suffered in his youth and the chronic kidney disease which persisted throughout his life, leading to a progressive deterioration of the arterial system. On these matters he writes with an authority derived from professional knowledge and a close study of the case history of his subject in so far as it can be deduced from Dickens's own statements, the reports of his doctors, and other documentary evidence. He does not believe the reading tours, exhausting though they were, to have been the primary factor in hastening his end, and although it is not easy for a layman to follow all the arguments adduced in support of his thesis, it must be owned that he makes out a strong case for his conclusion that Dickens was foredoomed from his youth to a relatively early death.

On the other hand, Dr. Bowen thinks that the primary factor leading to the separation was the irritability and bad temper which Dickens developed as the result of years of overwork. Although the courtship of Maria Beadnell and the rejection of his

suit did not, in Dr. Bowen's view, seriously influence him in later life, his emotional outburst on hearing from her again after more than twenty years, his infatuation for Miss Weller, and his reactions on meeting Madame De la Rue are cited as proof that Dickens was more susceptible than most men to feminine appeal outside the home. The entry of Ellen Ternan into his life was not a cause of the breach with Mrs. Dickens but was "in the nature of a climax to long-standing and increasing differences in his domestic life." Her charm and delicacy of feeling may well have revived memories of Mary Hogarth, who remained his ideal through the years.

On a good many points concerning the novelist's relations with the young actress our author joins issue with Thomas Wright and those who have accepted his findings unreservedly. Without questioning Wright's sincerity, he rejects certain of his conclusions as being based on prejudices and intuitions. Mrs. Perugini's denunciation of her father late in life (derived from Gladys Storey) he looks upon as a tardy act of justice to her mother, "an impulsive gesture based upon the gossip of the time of the separation and for long afterwards," though he admits this to be no more than conjecture—of which, perhaps inevitably, there is a plentiful dose throughout the book. In ignorance of Dr. Fielding's recent enquiry[1] into the authenticity or otherwise of the notorious Thomson-Stark letter, he does not hesitate to dismiss that document as a hoax.

Whatever may be thought of Dr. Bowen's views about Dickens's motives and actions at certain critical stages of his life, he must be given credit for approaching these problems from a fresh angle, for many shrewd, sensible and often provocative reflections on matters which are still acutely controversial and likely to remain so until more evidence is forthcoming, and for presenting his case on the whole straightforwardly and with no pretensions to elegance of style.

Unfortunately the book is marred by too many traces of hasty composition, resulting in clumsily-phrased sentences that occasionally obscure the author's meaning. A few irritating slips of the pen or press have also been allowed to creep in. Thomas Beard's recommendation was to the *Morning Chronicle*, long after Dickens had left the *True Sun*. The Second Secretary to the Admiralty from 1804 to 1845, whether related to Dickens's maternal ancestors or not, was Sir John (not Sir Charles) Barrow. The repeated references to a "second imprisonment" of John Dickens for debt in 1834 seem to imply that one night's detention in a sponging house (from which the culprit was released by his son's timely intervention) is comparable to the three months previously spent in the Marshalsea.

This book should prove a useful commentary on the fuller biographies which have followed one another in quick succession during the past two or three decades, and as such deserves a place on the shelves of every serious student of Dickens's life.

W. J. CARLTON.

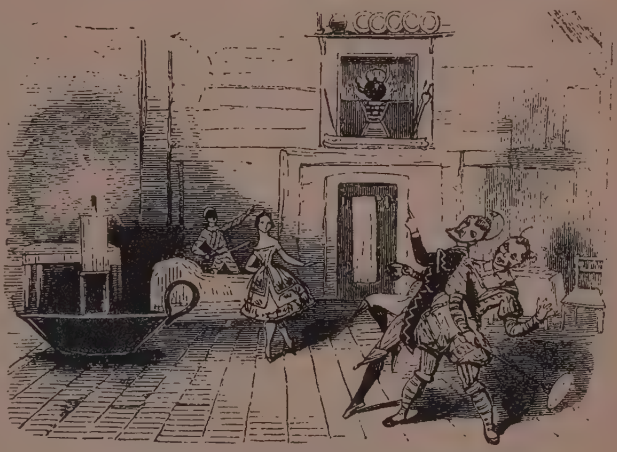
[1] *Etudes Anglaises*, July-September 1955; see also *The Dickensian*, Dec., 1955, p. 28-9.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND PLAYS

By Malcolm Morley

II

Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings filled the Extra Number of *All the Year Round* at Christmas, 1863. Dickens, as in previous annuals, furnished a framework within which tales by others were gathered. The authors in this year were Mrs. Gaskell, Andrew Halliday, Edmund Yates, Amelia B. Edwards and Charles Collins and their tales were those told in letters addressed to Jemmy, the orphan lad whom Mrs. Lirriper and one of her lodgers, gallant old Major Jackman, had befriended. Though the stories are seasoned with



Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings, in a Christmas Pantomime.
From the Gerald Forsyth Collection.

drama there has been no direct dramatisation of any one of them. But the name *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings* was to be lent to the theatre.

The important feature of the Christmas pantomimes given at most theatres in Britain during the Victorian era was the Harlequinade. It was an entertainment supplementing the actual story of the pantomime to which it was attached, bearing only a traditional relationship to what had gone before. Grimaldi, the supreme Clown, whose biography had been edited by *Boz*, was largely responsible for the pattern of the Harlequinade, a pattern that survived for nearly a century. Other clowns, famous clowns, followed in the steps of Grimaldi, though none were to equal him. Fun of the broadest brand, occasioned by the antics of the characters in the Harlequinade, provided a series of scenes wherein the mischievous actions of Clown and Pantaloon were continually being circumvented by Harlequin with his magic wand, whilst dainty Columbine tripped the stage around. A knockabout episode frequently introduced into the Harlequinade was one

where the rascally Clown and his doddering ally the Pantaloon sought quiet lodgings only to find them anything but quiet. Once installed the two were subjected to all the discomforts and trickeries that stage invention could supply. When they attempted to toast a slice of bread the fireplace would rise to the ceiling. Pictures moved up and down the walls to the bewilderment of the lodgers. A pair of boots with no human attachment walked across the room or a lighted candle of giant proportions exploded throwing out gyrating objects of a startling nature. Horrific spiders dangled over the bed of the twain preventing sleep . . . Black beetles the size of turtles attacked in every direction. Their bed would collapse and throw them out or its top would unexpectedly descend upon the gibbering pair. Ghosts of fantastic aspect glided in and out whilst animated skeletons with detachable bones would parade the room. The subject of unquiet lodgings was a recurrent one in the Christmas pantomimes.

Following the advent of the *All the Year Round* Annual the title of *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings* was used in a number of pantomimes to label the nocturnal scenes where Clown and Pantaloon suffered these absurd adventures. But what Mrs. Lirriper had to do with them Dickens himself could not have told. In *Little Tommy Tucker*, the Princess's pantomime produced on Boxing Day, 1863, there was such a scene called *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodging House*. The Clown was Huline, one of the best in his time. At the City of London that year the Harlequinade attached to *Black Beard* had a similar scene, *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, which ran the gamut of ghostly effects. Also in 1863 *Robinson Crusoe* at the Grecian showed two scenes, the Exterior and the Interior of Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings. Harry Wright was the Clown and in the opening of the pantomime George Conquest appeared as Man Friday. The Lirriper legend was to survive a number of years in the realm of theatrical jocosity. Mrs. Lirriper's Coal Cellar had a place in *Valentine and Orson* at the Holborn in 1867, and somebody like the lady herself, her name given as Mrs. Larraper, was to appear as a character in *Leatherlungs the Great*, an extravaganza by C. S. Cheltnam, at the Adelphi on July 1st, 1872.

The Annual Number of *All the Year Round* for 1864 continued with *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, which was in the nature of a sequel to the Extra Number of the previous year. Again tales by others were woven into the cloth of Dickens. The legacy was one left to the landlady by the father of Jemmy, the man who had deserted his wife in the past and whose child Mrs. Lirriper and Major Jackman had taken to their hearts. Inside the structure of this narrative events were described in turn by Charles Collins, Rosa Mulholland, Henry Spicer, Amelia B. Edwards and Hesba Stretton. None of their stories were transferred to the stage.

Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions, the Christmas Annual of 1865, repeated the familiar formula. The structure by Dickens furnished little more than the introduction of a Cheap Jack, William Marigold, and his adopted daughter, Sophy. The prescriptions were stories in a book he prepared for her. Dickens wrote one of the prescriptions, a grim and curious episode about a man serving on a Jury who sees the murdered victim standing in Court in-

dicating that his throat had been cut by the prisoner. Other prescriptions were prepared by Rosa Mulholland, Charles Collins, Hesba Stretton, Walter Thornbury and Mrs. Gascoigne. None of the prescription-stories reached the theatre but something of Marigold and Sophy was mirrored in *Uncle Dick's Darling*, a play by H. J. Byron, at the Gaiety, December 13th, 1869, in which J. L. Toole played Dick Dolland, a Cheap Jack, Miss Neilson his adopted daughter Mary Belton, and Henry Irving the disturbing Mr. Chevenix. Dickens visited the Gaiety and was greatly impressed with Irving's performance.

The 1866 Extra Number was entitled *Mugby Junction*. Of the eight items it contained the first four were by Dickens—*Barbox Brothers, Barbox Brothers and Co., The Boy at Mugby* and *The Signal Man*. The remainder were the individual contributions of Andrew Halliday, Charles Collins, Hesba Stretton and Amelia B. Edwards. It was only the year before that Dickens had been involved in the bad railway accident at Staplehurst and this may have influenced his choice of subject for the Annual. There was no immediate dramatisation of any of the items although *The Boy at Mugby* inspired at least two music hall songs, " The Boy at Mugby " and " I'm the Boy at Mugby." Robert Fraser, billed as actor and vocalist, proclaimed himself the original boy at Mugby and sang of that lad's occupation in the railway refreshment room, giving his ideas about what could be done to improve the service.

The Signal Man, dealing with the supernatural, was heard in a radio version arranged by Clarence Roach, broadcast from California in 1949 but the first stage presentation did not take place until an apt adaptation, *Death on the Line*, was seen in Fawley, Hampshire, on December 2nd, 1952. Eric Jones-Evans made a telling drama of the story of a signal man who is warned by his own ghost of accidents to happen on the line. A visitor to the signal box was Charles Dickens, impersonated by Peter Carr-North.

The Extra Number for 1867 was devoted entirely to *No Thoroughfare*, which has been dealt with elsewhere in *The Dickensian*, and after that the Christmas Numbers came to an end. *All the Year Round* continued to be published long after the death of Dickens appearing weekly until the final number on March 30th, 1895.

It was in *All the Year Round* that the series of papers *The Uncommercial Traveller* were first published but there was no material here for plays. Some of the characters in the series may have been included in the entertainment given in 1863 at the Egyptian Hall, London, by Edmund Yates and Harold Power (son of the first Tyrone Power). Yates acknowledged his indebtedness to Mr. Dickens for a fresh set of characters introduced into " Twenty Minutes with a Medium," an addition to this entertainment in April of that year.

Originally printed in the *New York Ledger*, *Hunted Down*, a short story of Dickens came out in *All the Year Round* during 1860. It was said to have been suggested to Charles by the career of Wainewright, the poisoner, whom he had met before the arrest and trial of that ill-scheming individual. No direct adaptation reached the theatre although there was a book printed in 1879 that professed to be a dramatic arrangement of the work. *Who*

did It; or, The Track of Crime, by C. H. Hazlewood at the Britannia on December 18th, 1867, has been cited as a dramatisation, but it bears only a remote semblance to the story. Poison was the subject and poison was a popular ingredient of Victorian melodrama. There was a production named *Hunted Down* at the St. James's Theatre on November 5th, 1866, in which Irving enacted the villain Rawdon Scudamore. This was a drama by Dion Boucicault and in no way connected with the *Hunted Down* of Dickens. Later, when at the Lyceum, Irving presented *The Medicine Man* by Robert Hichens and H. D. Traill on May 4th, 1898, another poison play that might have been inspired by the doings of Wainewright. It was the actor's biggest managerial failure.

Of other contributions by Dickens to *All the Year Round* there was "George Silverman," which did not lend itself to stage treatment, and a children's story, "A Holiday Romance." The latter was published as an operetta in 1938, libretto by Margaret Rose, music by Thomas F. Dunhill. No performance has been officially recorded.

The title, itself, of the weekly publication served as a label for stage productions. There was a sentimental melodrama *All the Year Round* by W. E. Suter at the old Queen's (where the Scala now stands) on June 9th, 1862, and a Ballet of the same name at the Alhambra on January 21st, 1904. Recently the title was used by Nevil Croft for his comedy at the Duke of York's, October 26th, 1951. None of these pieces was concerned with Dickens or his famous publication.

DICKENSIAN NOMENCLATURE

By R. F. Pechey

CAREFUL readers of John Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens* may remember that, in Book viii, Vol. ii, Ch. vii is entitled "Hints for books written and unwritten 1855–65". Towards the end of that chapter comes a batch of "Christian names," "Girls and Boys, taken from the Privy Council Education lists," to which Dickens added supplementary lists that appear to be his own. There follows the mass of "available names," without introduction or comment. During that decade he wrote three of his principal books, viz.: *Little Dorrit*, begun in 1855, *Great Expectations* 1860, and *Our Mutual Friend*, 1865–6. It is from this list of "available names" that many of the principal surnames in these books are drawn. Such inspired names, as they may be called, as Wackford Squeers, Count Smorltork, Sir Mulberry Hawk, Sarah Gamp, and others, do not appear in this list; they belong to an earlier period, before the Book of Memoranda for possible use was compiled. Incidentally the immortal Sarah has added a word to the English language, for the Oxford dictionary describes a "Gamp" as "a broken-down umbrella".

The list of "available names" is a long one, comprising about 180 in all, of which Dickens used about 30 in the three above-named books. Of these ten appear in *Little Dorrit*, Casby and Pancks, Haggage and Bungham, Dorrit and Chivery, Plornish and Nandy, Meagles and Merdle. Seven are found in *Great*

Expectations, Magwitch and Provis, Gargery and Horlick (the latter unaspirated), Pumblechook, Wopsle and Skiffins. Fourteen find a place in the last major work, *Our Mutual Friend*; these are Lammle and Akershem, Higden and Boffin, Rokesmith and Riderhood, Headstone and Wegg, Twemlow and Tippins, Snigsworth (of Snigsworthy Park !), Wilfer, Kibble, and Lightwood or Lightword. Some of these it is difficult for the well-informed Dickensian to read without a smile; they seem to have an almost inevitable fitness.

When we come to examine the "Christian names," Dickens seems to have made no use, with the exception of "Pleasant" (Miss Riderhood), of his lists; inasmuch as for all, or nearly all of his principal characters, in most of his books, he extracted his "Christian names" from the Bible. It is an astonishing list; Abel and Seth, Noah and Ham, Jacob and Joseph, Rachel, Reuben and Judah from the Pentateuch; Joshua, Sam(p)son, Ruth, David, Esther, Samuel, Jesse, Solomon, Abigail, Josiah, Elijah, Jeremiah, Daniel, and Zephaniah from the prophetic and historical books. From the New Testament are drawn the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, of the Apostles, Paul (or "Poll" in the case of Mr. Sweedlepipe), Silas, Philip (or Pip), Bartholomew, Peter, James, and Thomas; while among "human warious", as Mr. Venus would have said; from the Old and New Testaments, we find Ebenezer, Hiram, Melchizedek, Uriah, Simon, Boanerges, Augustus, Titus (or "Tite" Barnacle), Timothy, Stephen, Martha and Mary; also an archangel Gabriel, and Charity and Mercy ("not unholy names, I hope ?")

Here is a veritable Biblical galaxy, old men and maidens, apostles, prophets, martyrs, evangelists, patriarchs and kings, broadcast over the pages of our author: together with a leader of the angelic host.

Some of them bear names which seem to be in happy congruity with their prototypes, such as Ruth Pinch, Lizzie or Elizabeth Hexham, Abigail or Abbey Potterson, Mary Rudge, Daniel Doyce, Mark Tapley, Ham Peggoty, Abel Garland, Rachel and Stephen Blackpool. Others are so delightfully incongruous, that the mere mention of their association with the originals tickles the fancy, e.g. Mr. Sweedlepipe (Poll) with St. Paul the Great Apostle of the Gentiles; The loud-mouthed philanthropist Luke Honeythunder with Luke, the beloved physician; the arch-hypocrite Seth Pecksniff with the gentle son of Adam; Mr. Jerry Cruncher the body-snatcher, and Mr. Flintwich with the prophet Jeremiah; Mr. Winkle in alignment with "Nathaniel, Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel ?"; Smallweed jun. with St. Bartholomew; Mr. Peter Magnus with Simon, son of Jonas; Job Trotter, in the mulberry suit, the "portable waterworks," with the patient and indomitable sufferer; Elijah Pogram, the windy Yankee orator, with the stern Tishbite; Major Bagstock ("devilish sly, Sir") with Joshua, the captain of the host of Israel; Reverends Melchizedek Howler and Boanerges Bangbarrel with the King of Salem, priest of the Most High God, and the two Sons of Zebedee; boastful Mr. Bounderby with the pious King Josiah; Angelo Cyrus Bantam with the King of Persia; Messrs. Snodgrass and Moddle with Caesar Augustus.

These, and many more incongruous and contrasted pairs, if they do not excite our mirth, at least arouse our wonder. What led Charles Dickens to ransack the Scriptures for the Christian names of so many of his principal characters? It shows, at least, that his knowledge of the Bible, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, was both "extensive and peculiar," which statement could be amplified and illustrated in another article.

BROADSTAIRS DICKENS FESTIVAL

THE Annual Dickens Festival at still unspoiled Broadstairs, so beloved of Dickens, goes from strength to strength. The decision, made several years ago, to bring it forward to June, has been an unqualified success. The little town is then full of holiday-makers, bright and attractive Victorian dresses are worn in the street, a stage coach, often filled with Dickens characters, plies along the esplanade, while posters everywhere proclaim the dramatic attractions of the evenings.

This year the sun shone brilliantly, ensuring a record attendance at the Garden Party at Bleak House (thanks to the generous proprietor Mrs. Collins). A band played on the lawn, a Punch and Judy show entertained the younger visitors in a smaller garden, tea was served, and the whole was gay with colourful costumes. The coach tour to Canterbury was another success. Mr. J. Reed kept the party interested in the old city and many of its unfamiliar byways.

There were other attractions but the great thing was, as usual, the play presented by the Broadstairs Dickens Players under the direction of Gladys Waterer. *Pickwick* was the book chosen by Miss Waterer this year for adaptation. The comfortable little theatre was crowded every evening, and the continuous laughter paid ample tribute to the skill with which Miss Waterer had adapted this far from easily adaptable book, and the talent of the performers. On one evening a hundred and ninety pupils of the new Charles Dickens School were in the audience and their laughter was a joy to hear.

Of the large and carefully chosen company all should receive notice did space allow, but mention must be made of Mr. Pickwick who was hit off to perfection, there was a Jingle who would grace any production, and a Tupman whose love-making rivalled the other two gentlemen in almost bringing the house down. Nor should the fragile, maddening Mrs. Wardle, or the attractive Mary, be overlooked. But all were admirably rehearsed and praiseworthy.

Congratulations and commendations must again go to this most enterprising branch of the Fellowship, which won the active interest of its Town Council, making the Annual Festival an event that should lure Dickensians to "Our English Watering Place," from all over the country, and indeed visitors from overseas. Next year the Festival will be held in the week beginning June 10th. Watch these pages for further announcements.

GWEN MAJOR.

TWO HINTS FOR *BLEAK HOUSE*

By Alvin Whitley

DICKENS knew Thomas Hood and his work. From 1841 until Hood's death in 1845, the two shared many interests—literary, professional, humanitarian, personal, and social.[1] In 1846, Forster records, Dickens read—or re-read—Hood's only novel:

> I have been reading poor Hood's *Tylney Hall*: the most extraordinary jumble of impossible extravagance, and especial cleverness, I ever saw. The man drawn to the life from the pirate bookseller, is wonderfully good; and his recommendation to a reduced gentleman from the university to rise from nothing as he, the pirate, did, and go round to the churches and see whether there's an opening, and begin by being a beadle, is one of the finest things I ever read, in its way.[2]

Tylney Hall, published to mixed reviews in October, 1834, was best described by Lamb as "a medley, without confusion, of farce, melodrama, pantomime, comedy, tragedy, punchery, what not?"[3] The novel contains two distinct elements—a highly romantic serious plot with a lost heir, a foreign villain, a gypsy queen, a murder, the brand of Cain, and all the rest, as well as much disorganised incidental humor, largely centered around the parvenu Thomas Twigg, who was thought at the time to represent Thomas Tegg, the publisher and bookseller of questionable methods.

I suspect that Dickens did more than read Hood's novel, for there are pronounced resemblances between Unlucky Joe and Dr. Bellamy of *Tylney Hall* and Jo the crossing-sweeper and Mr. Turveydrop of *Bleak House*.

Unlucky Joe, the most striking character in *Tylney Hall*, is presented half humorously and half pathetically. In his life and death he proves the truth of the old saw, "Friday's child is full of woe." A ragged post-boy, "born under an evil star, probably a falling one," he appears at frequent intervals in the plot to announce morosely and lament fatalistically a new misfortune—another horse killed or maimed, another job lost, another appeal for charity refused, another wandering search begun to find a niche in the world. At his most eloquent, he characterises himself thus:

> "It has followed me ever since I was born," said the predestinarian, "and that was of a Friday. I've never had a turn in life—never! Misfortune fights fair with other folks; but, as for me, I'm kicked about arter I'm down. I'm hunted and haunted wherever I go—from village to village, and from town to town, with a curse sounding arter me, like a kettle at a dog's tail. I'm knowed everywhere for being unlucky at whatever I put hands to; and what signifies honesty and soberness and industry with t'other character tacked along with it? I can't

[1] For a full account of their relationships, see my "Hood and Dickens: Some New Letters," *Huntington Library Quarterly*, XIV (1951), 385-413.

[2] *The Life of Charles Dickens*, ed. J. W. T. Ley (London, 1928), p. 413.

[3] *The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb*, ed. E. V. Lucas (London, 1935), III, 419-420.

> get charity, 'cause I look able to work; and I can't get work, 'cause I'm reckoned unlucky, and I may as well be put out of my misery at once. I don't mind dying, for I'm sick of my days; and, if it please God Almighty to chuck down a handful of sudden deaths, you'd see me scrambling after one, aye, as hard as ever a barefoot beggar boy for a copper out of a coach-window."[1]

He is finally killed by a runaway horse—on Good Friday.

Aside from the identical names and similar fates, there is a noticeable parallel between the authors' treatments of the two characters. Both Hood and Dickens have social consciences: here is a luckless wretch at the mercy of an indifferent world, an outcast " rejected," as Hood puts it, " by the officers of the army, the navy, and the parish," for whom no charity, public or private, exists. Both authors point up the ironic fact that their homeless wanderers would be better cared for in prison.

Also, the crossing-sweeper and the post-boy are, though innocent bystanders, caught and harassed in similar legal traps: Dickens's Jo at a coroner's inquest and Hood's at a hearing on attempted murder of which, of course, he is falsely accused. Here Unlucky Joe rises to a Dickensian height: when asked what he was doing the morning of the twenty-first, he replies, " Starving."

Another, though a less striking parallel, exists between Hood's Dr. Bellamy and Dickens's Mr. Turveydrop. Both are fat, apoplectic men, overdressed in the fashion of a bygone age, with the usual appurtenances of snuffbox, cane, wig, large hat, and cambric frill. The doctor's

> deportment was characterised by a profusion of ceremonious bows, and set complimentary phrases, borrowed probably from some antiquated code of manners that he had studied in his youth, and which he delivered with such pomp of emphasis and set solemnity of face, that the dignified title of Dr. Bellamy invariably degenerated, behind his back, into the more popular alias of Old Formality.[2]

To be sure, he does not lecture on deportment as Mr. Turveydrop does, but he practises it in the same manner. His conversation, punctuated by bows, invariably begins " I have the pleasure " and ends " I am your most obedient." His diction is sesquipedalian. He, too, has a Dickensian moment. When asked, at an inquest, whether he has examined the body, he replies, " ' I have had that pleasure ' . . . with an instinctive bow to the corpse, which, during its life, had once done him the honor to become his patient."

I do not, of course, claim that Dickens consciously plagiarised these two characters,[3] but I do think they remained in his imagination to emerge, changed and transcended, as two of his most memorable creations in one of his greatest works.

[1] *Tylney Hall* (Boston, 1860), pp. 195-196 (ch. XXII). His most important appearances are pp. 7-9 (ch. II), 12-14 (III), 24 (V), 194-198 (XXII), 209-213 (XXIV), 220-221 (XXIV), 460-462 (XLI), 479 (XLII).

[2] *Tylney Hall*, pp. 19-20 (ch. IV). His most important appearances are pp. 11 (ch. III), 19-22 (IV), 28-29 (V), 30-31 (VI), 72-73 (XIII), 180-182 (XXI), 365 (XXXV).

[3] Indeed, the crossing-sweeper's occupation and some of his best dialogue were taken from an actual incident: see Humphry House, *The Dickens World* (London, 1941), pp. 32-33.

NOTES ON *BARNABY RUDGE*

By T. W. Hill

(*Continued from page 141*)

Chapter XLIII

1. THROUGH WESTMINSTER HALL. Although a part of the Courts of Justice, Westminster Hall was a haunt for loiterers and had stalls for the sale of books, millinery, stationery, etc. It was also a convenient short-cut from Broad Sanctuary to the river bank. It was into Westminster Hall that Charles Dickens turned in his embarrassment and joy on first seeing his work as an author in print. Cattermole's illustration is not of Westminster Hall itself in spite of the exactness of the text: " Mr. Haredale . . . had nearly traversed the Hall." It is probably one of the entrance porches.

Chapter XLIV

1. GREEN LANES. Now marked on the map by Norfolk Street and Cleveland Street, parallel with Tottenham Court Road. Dickens lived in Cleveland Street with his parents, as a tiny child, when they were moved from Portsmouth in 1814 before being transferred to Chatham, and later, after the return from Chatham he had lodgings in Norfolk Street. See *The Dickensian*, 1951, p. 198.

Chapter XLV

1. SMALL ENGLISH COUNTRY TOWN. Kitton and Dexter both suggest Dunstable thirty-three miles from London, but Dunstable at the time of the story was only a village of less than 2,000 inhabitants. Luton, four miles away had a population of over 3,000 and was the centre of the straw-plaiting industry.

2. WILD FLOWERS. Dickens is usually content to mention " pretty flowers," " country scents," etc., but here he specifically calls attention to the poppy, the harebell, the cowslip and the rose, and at the end of the chapter honeysuckle is also named.

3. USE AND NECESSITY ARE GOOD TEACHERS. One would like to give Dickens the credit of inventing this new proverb; he has put into epigrammatic form a thought from the past. Euripides has: " Necessity will teach a man, however stupid, to be wise," and Montaigne in his Essays has " Necessity is a violent schoolmistress."

4. COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS. This cogent phrase appeared in the late sixteenth century: Donne (1571-1631) has in his Elegies " She, and comparisons, are odious," and thereafter it is constantly turning up in literature. In *Much Ado About Nothing*, act iii, sc. 5 is a variant: " Comparisons are odorous." Mrs. Malaprop in Sheridan's *The Rivals* has sometimes been credited with this form of the phrase, but what she actually said was: " No caparisons, Miss, if you please: Caparisons don't become a young woman."

5. FLINT, STEEL AND TINDER-BOX. We know that Stagg although blind, overcame his disability by making excellent use

of all his other faculties, but even he must have had some trouble in the manipulation of so complicated an apparatus.

6. AS A MUTUAL FRIEND. Mutual here is used for common to more than one person although its strict meaning is reciprocal. Its use in this way had passed into ordinary conversation long before Dickens's time.

CHAPTER XLVI

1. SEVEN SENSES. Seven is a mystical and a symbolic number. There are seven deadly sins, seven virtues, and in the Bible seven candlesticks and many other sevens. The seven senses are: animation, feeling, speech, taste, sight, hearing, and smelling, five of which are physical. In Motteux's English translation (afterwards suppressed) of Rabelais, 1653, occurs: "The filly was scar'd . . . out of her seven senses." The five physical senses were originally known as the five wits. (See Brewer).

CHAPTER XLVII

1. ON THE ROAD A WEEK. Dunstable or Luton are each only a little over thirty miles from London. Barnaby and his Mother had "many rides in carts and waggons," stopped only a little while for Grip to perform to the fine old country gentleman, went to an "alehouse some miles further on," reached "in course of time their halting place within ten miles of London." They had then taken six days to cover twenty miles—they "moved slowly" indeed. Finally on the seventh day they started at "five o'clock in the morning" in a light van which covered the last ten miles in two hours and deposited them at "seven in the forenoon at the foot of Westminster Bridge."

2. FRIDAY, THE SECOND OF JUNE. As a guide to the events of the succeeding chapters, it may be interesting to give the sequence of the principal *historical* occurrences:

Friday, June 2. Assembly and Processions	ch. xlviii.
Saturday, June 3. Workers' pay day: quiet after early morning	ch. lii.
Sunday, June 4. R.C. Chapels attacked	ch. lii.
Monday, June 5. King's birthday; shops closed; unruly mobs	ch. liii.
Tuesday, June 6. Burning of Newgate	ch. lxiv.
Wednesday, June 7. Prisons attacked	ch. lxvii.
Thursday, June 8. Shops re-opened	ch. lxxiii.
Friday, June 9. Lord George Gordon arrested	ch. lxxiii.

Lord George Gordon's trial did not take place till January, 1781.

CHAPTER XLVIII

1. ONE OF THE RECESSES. The old Westminster Bridge, built in 1750; it was replaced in 1856-62 by the present structure.

2. GAVE THEM THE WALL. To give the wall, that is the side of the path most remote from the roadway with its dangers and mud, is to acknowledge inferiority of station, or to shew courtesy, or to act from fear of reprisal.

3. ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS. St. George's Circus marks the centre of this extensive open space, now of course closely covered with houses.

4. BRIDGE ROAD. Westminster Bridge Road, called, when it was first made, New Road.

5. ROARING LION. Gashford's habitual cunning has put Mrs. Rudge in the wrong by assuming that she compares, in her heart, Lord George Gordon with the Devil: in the Bible "Your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour" 1 Peter, v. 8.

Chapter XLIX

1. THREE GREAT PARTIES. The detachment that went over Westminster Bridge and was led by Lord George Gordon only had one mile to traverse; the second party who went over Blackfriars Bridge covered about three miles to get to the Houses of Parliament; the third and largest contingent led by Hugh, Barnaby and Dennis, walked four miles along Fleet Street the Strand and Whitehall to meet the others at Westminster. If as the book says "the front was nearly four miles in advance" the head of the procession must have reached its destination as the tail left St. George's Fields. Cassell's *History of England* says "the main body of the rioters went over London Bridge marching six abreast with a very tall man going before them carrying the huge petition on his head." Doubtless this was Dickens's Hugh.

2. PORTER'S KNOT. A pad for the shoulders originally made of twisted rope, the knot, worn by porters for carrying burdens. Close to Hyde Park Corner there is a raised stand shoulder-high on which porters could place their loads while they had a rest.

3. RIOT ACT WAS READ. This act was passed in 1715, and empowers a magistrate, if any assembly of more than twelve persons becomes unruly, to read the following form of words: "Our Sovereign Lord the King chargeth and commandeth all persons being assembled immediately to disperse themselves and peaceably to depart to their habitations or to their lawful business upon the pains contained in an Act of King George for preventing tumults and riotous behaviour—God save the King." If the last four words are omitted the reading becomes nugatory.

Chapter LI

1. IN THIS HOUSE A DOZEN YEARS. That is, for seven years as apprentice and five as journeyman. Sim was twenty years old in 1775 (chapter iv), was out of his time in 1776, and is twenty-five at the time of the Riots.

2. BASILISK. A famous dragon or serpent bearing on its head marks that look like a monarch's crown (Greek basiliskos means "little king"); its breath, and even its gaze, was fatal to anyone who came within its influence.

3. PROVIDE YOURSELF. See also chapter xiii, note 8.

4. TOWER STAIRS. A landing place on the Thames bank west of the Tower and at the foot of Tower Hill, giving access to the river; now superseded by Tower Pier.

Chapter LII

1. ANOTHER HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT YOU. One of the many slang terms for taking a drink.

2. FIELDS NEAR WELBECK STREET. This district was only just beginning to be developed at the time, but now the fields and market-gardens have been covered with streets and buildings.

3. MOORFIELDS. In ancient times a marshy district north of London Wall. It was drained in the sixteenth century and became a waste area, and later grew to be what it now is. Finsbury Circus and Finsbury Square were part of the fields.

Chapter LIII

1. MIGHT AS WELL BE HUNG FOR A SHEEP AS A LAMB. From Ray's English Proverbs (1678): "As good be hanged for a sheep as a lamb."

2. LIKE BREATH FROM A POLISHED MIRROR. See chapter v, note 2.

3. CHELSEA . . . WAPPING. The mention of these widely separately separated districts shews the extent of the riots.

(*To be concluded*)

Obituary

Guy P. Bible

With deep regret we record the death of Mr. Guy Bible, President of the Philadelphia Branch from 1941 until his retirement to Florida a few years ago. Miss Pearl Buck sends us this tribute: "I knew Mr. Guy Bible for many years, as a friend and as a fellow worker for retarded children. His son and my daughter provided a basic sympathy and understanding between us. He was one of those whom sorrow sweetens. His large heart, his fine mind, helped him to accept without resignation or inertia. Sorrow was for him a positive experience which provided energy to prevent like sorrow for others in so far as it could be prevented. This energy was tempered and enlivened by an unquenchable sense of humour, always kind and sensitive to the feelings of others, and always gracefully expressed. It was truly a Dickensian sense of humour, heartily enjoyed and enjoyable, but grounded in a knowledge of human character. Mr. Bible loved people and people loved him. Two words spring to my mind when I think of him. He was warm-hearted, and he was a man of immovable integrity. Such a combination ensures friends, and Mr. Bible had friends beyond number. We miss him sorely."

We also regret to record the death of Mrs. Ella Butcher of Bloomington, Mrs. F. W. Fairman of Pittsburgh, Mr. C. E. Groome of Headquarters, Mr. G. Locke McCrea of Toronto, and Mrs. Crosby Whitty of Hull.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP.

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1955.

1954.	LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£			
28	Sundry Creditors		— —
	Life Membership Fund—		
575	As at 31st December, 1954	574 17 6	
833	Special Reserve	833 7 6	
	Costume Department Fund—		
	Balance as at 31st December, 1954	143 6 11	
	Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for year	14 18 7	
143		158 5 6	
11	Unexpired Balance of Receipts for Charitable Purposes	11 7 3	
	General Purposes Fund—		
	As at 31st December, 1954	198 14 2	
	Add Sundry Income from Functions, Sale of		
199	Badges, &c., during year	82 18 3	
		281 12 5	
	Income and Expenditure Account—		
	Balance as at 31st December, 1954	1022 12 0	
	Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for year	107 18 2	
		1130 10 2	
1023	*Less* Loss on *The Dickensian*	85 12 0	
		1044 18 2	
£2812		£2904 8 4	

1954.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£			
	Life Membership Fund Investment, at cost—		
575	£549 16s. 1d. 4% Consolidated Stock		574 17 3
	(Market Value 31st December, 1955, £464 11s. 8d.)		
	Investment of Special Donation, at cost—		
105	£118 5s. 10d. 4% Consolidated Stock		105 0 0
	(Market Value, 31st December, 1955, £99 19s. 1d.)		
	Investment		
550	£576 9s. 3d. British Gas 3½% Guaranteed Stock 1969/71		550 0 0
	(Market Value 31st December, 1955, £504 8s. 1d.)		
	Library, Pictures and Furniture (including items exhibited in The Dickens House and Library)	24 8 0	
	Less Depreciation	2 8 0	
24		22 0 0	
	The Tyrrell Collection of Photographic Negatives,		
75	at cost		75 0 0
	Costume Department—		
	Costumes at Nominal Value	100 0 0	
	Cash in Hands of Assistant Secretary as at 31st December, 1955	58 5 6	
143		158 5 6	
	The Dickens House—		
142	Current Account		165 8 6
	The Dickensian—		
—	Current Account	113 10 9	
59	*Less* Loss for the year	85 12 0	
		27 18 9	
6	Stock of Badges in hand	2 1 2	
9	Amounts Paid in Advance, etc.	23 4 7	
	Balance at Bankers	1204 6 1	
	Less Petty Cash overdrawn	3 13 6	
1124		1200 12 7	
£2812		£2904 8 4	

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith.
We have also verified the Investments.
3 York Street, Manchester 2.
9th May, 1956.

(*Signed*) MORRIS, GREGORY & CO.,
Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Dr. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1955. Cr.

1954.		EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	£			
102		To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating) and Rates	102 16 0	
687		,, Salaries	£741 15 0	
343		*Less* Contribution by Dickens House	370 17 6	
— 344			370 17 6	
47		,, Printing and Stationery	47 6 7	
130		,, General Expenses and Postages	95 1 3	
623			616 1 4	
242		*Less* Amount charged to *The Dickensian*	£246 14 9	
52		Amount charged to Costume Department ...	52 0 0	
— 294			298 14 9	
329				317 6 7
118		,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Headquarters' Members		119 0 6
14		,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Branch Secretaries		14 3 6
32		,, Meetings		16 11 9
14		,, Contributions to Charitable Purposes Account		11 3 0
3		,, Depreciation of Library Pictures and Furniture		2 8 0
		Premium on Miss D. L. Minard's Deferred Annuity	76 19 0	
		Less Contributed by Dickens House	51 6 0	
				25 13 0
115		,, Balance being Excess of Income over Expenditure ...		107 18 2
£625				£614 4 6

1954.		INCOME.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£				
		By Subscriptions—		
503		Headquarters' Members	492 9 7	
85		Branches...	79 16 8	
12		,, Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund, less tax	12 7 6	
				584 13 9
14		,, Refund of Income Tax		18 3 8
11		,, Interest on Investment, *less* Tax ...		11 7 1
£625				£614 4 6

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1955

1954.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	1954.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£				£			
82	To Stock of Bound Volumes on Hand 31/12/54 ..	.. ..	55 2 6	642	By Sales, including Subscriptions	.. ..	661 1 4
3	,, Purchases	.. ..	1 11 8	143	,, Sales—Back Numbers	.. ..	156 6 7
474	,, Printing	464 1 10		78	,, Advertising	.. ..	56 6 0
26	,, Blocks	24 5 2		1	,, Discounts Received	.. ..	– – –
—	,, Binding	50 11 9		55	,, Stock of Bound Volumes on Hand, 31/12/55 ..	.. ..	36 7 6
50	,, Postages on Magazine	39 11 2		50	,, Loss for year	.. ..	85 12 0
			578 9 11				
35	,, Rent	35 0 0					
242	,, Publishing and Clerical Assistance	246 14 9					
25	,, Stationery	33 2 8					
22	,, Sundry Postages and General Expenses ..	31 17 5					
10	,, Audit Fee	10 10 0					
—	,, Bad Debts	0 6 3					
			357 11 1				
—	,, Discounts	.. ..	2 18 3				
			£995 13 5				£995 13 5
£969				£969			

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1955

1954.	LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	1954.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	CREDITORS:			£			
44	The Dickens House	44 2 5			CASH AT BANK	601 8 0	
6	Fellowship Branches	3 7 11		487	CASH IN HAND	7 12 6	
139	Sundry	172 10 7					609 0 6
			220 0 11		DEBTORS—		
345	RESERVE as at 31st December, 1954	344 16 5			Fellowship Branches	80 9 0	
	Add Donations received during year	32 8 6			Sundry	28 14 1	
			377 4 11			109 3 1	
133	SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED IN ADVANCE	.. ..	124 6 6	184	*Less* Reserve for Returns	5 0 0	
	THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP—						104 3 1
	Current Account	113 10 9			STOCK OF BOUND VOLUMES ON HAND—		
59	*Less* Loss for year to 31st December, 1955 ..	85 12 0		55	As certified by the Hon. Treasurer		36 7 6
			27 18 9				£749 11 1
			£749 11 1				
£726				£726			

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and relative Profit and Loss Account with the books and vouchers of The Dickens Fellowship relating to *The Dickensian* and we certify them to be in accordance therewith.

MORRIS, GREGORY & Co.,
Chartered Accountants,
Auditors.

3 York Street, Manchester 2.
9th May, 1956.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Bath

The Bath Branch has had another successful session, which opened with a social at the invitation of the President, Miss E. D. Abbott, Matron of the Royal National Hospital for Rheumatic Diseases. The systematic study of *Barnaby Rudge* then proceeded. The Annual Birthday Dinner was held at the Red House when the Director of Education for Bath, Mr. H. W. Brand, proposed the toast of "The Immortal Memory." This was preceded by the wreath-laying ceremony at the Pump Room, performed by the Mayor, Councillor A. N. Dix. A New Year's Social and some Whist Drives have also been held, all very successfully. A very pleasant summer outing, when members made a tour of the Cotswold villages, was arranged by the Treasurer, Mr. F. Mills. The session concluded with a lecture entitled "Dickens's Literary Circle," by Mr. F. W. G. Thomas. Miss Abbott will be succeeded as President by Mr. W. G. Pierce.

F.W.G.T.

Wolverhampton

The Wolverhampton Branch has had an extremely successful session and a large increase in membership. The programme was varied and interesting and an evening with Jamaicans proved to be one of the highlights; the subject was "Comparing the England of Dickens's Day with To-day." Members of the Drama Group entertained the Housewives League, Townswomen's Guild and other organisations on several occasions, and also presented sketches from Dickens's books at our own evening meetings. A Junior Group of Members was formed and some of these young people have joined the Drama Group. We are fortunate in having Mrs. G. Scott, L.A.M.D.A., as a member, who is training the Drama Groups. About 50 members and guests attended our Dickens Annual Dinner, at which the Rev. Eric Waterhouse spoke on "Dickens and the Welfare State." We were very pleased to have a visit from Mr. Leslie C. Staples. Members visited Compton Wynyates in the Cotswolds and Stratford-on-Avon on the Annual Excursion.

G.C.

Felicitations to Miss Marion Pool, Hon. Secretary, and Mr. George Mackrell, Hon. Treasurer, of the Manchester Branch, upon their marriage on June, 8th. The wedding tour took them to America, and included visits to the Philadelphia and Boston Branches.

Our congratulations and our thanks, respectively, to the following new and retiring Hon. Secretaries: Miss J. Edwards who succeeds Mrs. Osmond at Liverpool; Mrs. K. Greenwood who succeeds Mrs. Stock at Portsmouth; Miss E. Coggins who succeeds Mrs. G. Williams at East Bay; and Miss A. Johnsone who succeeds Mrs. M. L. Young at Brisbane.

A hearty welcome to Britain is extended to Mr. R. Anderson of Toronto, Mr. Harold P. Brown of Edmonton, Miss Maud Dyer and Miss Georgina Mason of Vancouver, and Mr. Eric C. Smith of Brisbane.

WALTER T. SPENCER

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The Dickens Fellowship

LONDON MEETINGS

Sept. Sat. 22nd. "From the Old Curiosity Shop to Tyburn." Conducted by Mr. T. V. Brewer. Meet St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, 2-30 p.m.

Oct. Fri. 5th. Recital, *Great Expectations*, by Mr. John Greaves. In aid of St. Paul's Restoration Fund. Tickets 3*s*. 6*d*. from the Dickens House.

Tues. 23rd. Lecture, "The History of Coutts & Co." by Mr. R. Brooke-Caws.

Sat. 27th. Visit to Grays Inn. Meet Chancery Lane Underground Booking Hall, 2-15 p.m.

Nov. Sat. 3rd. Visit to the Record Office and Dr. Johnson's House. Conducted by Mrs. Jane Bacon. Party limited to 35. Tickets, 4*s*. incl. fees and tea, from the Dickens House.

Thurs. 29th. Lecture, "My Dickensian Experiences in America," by Mr. Hugh Miller.

Dec. Fri. 7th. Lecture, "W. C. Macready," by Mr. J. C. Trewin.

Fri. 14th. CANDLELIGHT CHRISTMAS SUPPER. Crosby Hall, Chelsea,
7 to 10-30. Informal dress. Tickets 15*s*. from the Dickens House.

All meetings, unless otherwise stated, at the Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, at 7-30 p.m. Doors open at 7 p.m.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

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